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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[A TIMELY ESCAPE.]

"MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Sinned Against: Not Sinning," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud
Without our special wonder? **MACBETH.**

ENTERS!

And Clement Woodleigh wonders if he be asleep or awake!

Surely it must be some dream of the night—some delusion—some trick of his exuberant fancy!

There are some fifteen or twenty people in the luxuriously furnished apartment.

The majority of them are men, and men dressed in the costume of the two figures which he had seen as he stood under the magnolia tree.

The five or six women, too, are attired in the dress of the same period.

But oh! most amazing sight of all! On a couch, quite near where he is standing, lies the beautiful, golden-haired woman, whom he and Sir Mervyn had found bleeding in the woods.

By the couch, where she lies with closed eyes, seemingly unheeding the revelry around her,

there is a woman seated, holding upon her lap the baby which the man had left on the grass.

At one glance, Clement Woodleigh recognises the woman to be "the Wicked Countess."

It must all be a vision, he concludes, and is beginning to feel rather uncomfortable thereat, for the occupants of the room do not take the least notice of him.

Save that they seemingly live and move and have their being—they appear to be as oblivious of his presence as are any of the old family portraits, many of which they strongly resemble.

Clement Woodleigh recalls every story he has ever heard almost of haunted castles; and he has very nearly made up his mind that there must be some modicum of truth in them, when a circumstance occurs to shake his faith in believing that it is all a vision.

The sick woman on the couch opens her eyes.

A startled look comes over her face, and she gives him a glance, but he can see it is a terrified, covert glance of recognition.

Clement Woodleigh walks deliberately down the room; and not an eye, as far as he can see, is turned upon him.

They are all as unseeing as though he were "the Invisible Prince," visible only to the eye of faith.

There is a beautiful brown-eyed, gipsy-looking woman, half-reclining on a couch, twanging a guitar, whilst a man, dark also, and dressed in the old-world costume, leans over her.

Clement Woodleigh stands near them, and he hears her say in a soft, cooing voice:

"Reuben! what a risk you ran!"

"Were you anxious about me?" he asks, looking eagerly into her lovely, flower-like face.

"Each hour that you were away seemed like an age to me," she replies, her eyes flashing into his, and the rich colour ebbing and flowing in her cheeks. "Great heavens! suppose you had been unsuccessful."

"Little danger of that," he says, carelessly, as he toys with the silken strands flying from her guitar, "the place is too well watched—too well guarded for us to fear failure."

"I am not so sure of that," she replies, apprehensively, and as she speaks Clement Woodleigh fancies she gives him a swift, covert glance out of the corner of one of her glorious almond-shaped eyes.

"But I am," the man speaks determinedly. "To begin with, it was a foolish thing for Muriel to think she could elude us."

"But she very nearly did."

"Not the very faintest chance was there of such a catastrophe," asserts the man, "there are always too many of us on the watch."

"Do you think she will recover?" the woman asks presently.

"Doubtful."

"It is a pity she will not become reconciled to our ways."

"She may as well do so sooner or later," he says.

Clement Woodleigh has now not the least doubt but that they are talking about the woman Sir Mervyn and he found.

He looks across the room at her—she lies there apparently not taking any notice of anything that is going on.

Another marvel!

A group of men and women are chattering noisily in a corner.

Presently the chairs and small tables are all put aside, and to the music of an old-fashioned spinnet, upon which one of the women plays, one of the Wicked Twins (?) leads out a lady, and they dance a minuet.

Still they take no notice of the painter.

They chatter to each other—handy words and compliments—and as the painter listens, it suddenly occurs to him that they do not speak naturally, that their conversation and their appearances are at variance.

But how? he is quite at a loss to determine. At length resolved to test them, he determines to address one of them.

It must be confessed Clement Woodleigh is rather scared at the whole affair, and his heart beats furiously as he tries to screw up his courage to the required pitch.

But the strange part of it is that there seems to be no opportunity for him to address anyone. Everyone is speaking to everyone else.

The only disengaged person in the apartment, at least the only one who is not speaking to anyone else, is the woman who is holding the baby.

To her Clement Woodleigh determines to address himself, and walks round the room with this object in view, and stands by the couch wherein lies the wounded woman.

Her eyes are closed, and she lies with her hands clasped on her bosom.

"Madame," says the painter, bowing respectfully before her, "may I take the liberty of addressing you?"

The woman looks beyond him with unseeing eyes, and apparently as though she had not heard him.

She then looks down at the babe asleep on her lap.

"I presume I am addressing the Countess of Brakenstone," he persists, nothing daunted by her silence.

Yet no reply.

"I have had the pleasure of seeing you this evening outside the walls of the towers," he continues, but not so much as an eye-lash flickers to show that she has heard one word that has been said.

"And this baby?" exclaims the intrepid young man. "Surely I remember rescuing the infant to-day."

No reply.

Clement Woodleigh touches the child's cheek with his finger.

It is a lovely living, breathing, soft, warm baby.

The woman is impracticable! He dares not give her a good shake, and he wishes he had a pistol to fire off suddenly and surreptitiously in their midst, to try if it would have the effect of startling them out of this—as he cannot avoid thinking it—assumed indifference.

Clement Woodleigh now fancies he sees one of the men regarding him closely.

He returns the furtive glances with a steady, and to any ordinary person what would have been a most disconcerting, gaze.

But the man never quails, he continues a conversation with one of the women.

The painter, true to the instincts of his profession, has a keen, well-trained eye, capable of detecting the least likeness.

And as he scrutinises this man, he sees that beneath the disguise he is no other than the man who had left the child on the green sward that very day.

To him Clement Woodleigh determines to address himself.

He walks slowly over to him.

"I demand from you," says the painter, sternly, "an explanation of all this mummerly! I must know what it is all about!"

The man vouchsafes no reply, just as the woman had done, he seems to look through, and not at, Clement Woodleigh.

Calmly he continues his conversation with his friend, saying:

"It is a voyage which can only be undertaken at a great risk. But we must trust to our usual luck."

"Yes," replies the other, "the chief thing is to bribe everywhere. Every man has his price, whether it be paid in money or other attractions; so we must bribe right and left; and where bribery fails, the obnoxious parties must be quietly put out of the way."

"Oh! of course! that goes without saying!" says the one who had first spoken; "no spies allowed, and treachery punished with death."

They are moving slowly round the room as they speak.

Clement Woodleigh follows them, for he feels sure that their conversation is intended for him to hear and to heed.

At the same time he is determined, in some way or other, to make them take heed unto his presence.

And he means to make them talk to him. They stop before an old-fashioned, yellow-glazed map which hangs on a panel, and seem to examine it.

"Once for all!" exclaims the painter, in a loud tone, laying his hand upon the map's arm. "I tell you I insist upon knowing what is the meaning of all this."

The man dexterously eludes his grasp. The next minute he disappears in company with his friend, through the panel.

But soft! Surely the light is beginning to wax fainter!

Clement Woodleigh looks around him; the woman and the couch she lay upon have both disappeared.

So have the woman and baby; so has the beautiful woman who was playing the guitar, and so also has the man who leaned over her.

The room is gradually thinning, the light is waning, but where are they all disappearing to, and how?

Dimmer and dimmer becomes the light, and Clement Woodleigh stands transfixed, to behold the gorgeous couches and ottomans secretly and swiftly glide away as if by some unknown power.

The room is empty.

The painter is genuinely alarmed. The lights have now quite faded, the pale moon-beams stream in, and he finds himself in a room hung round with life-size family portraits, just like the room he had at first entered.

There is not a sound nor a sign of life. Clement Woodleigh listens, but no sound falls upon his ear.

All is as silent as the grave, and he can scarcely believe but that the strange experience he has just undergone must be a curious and vivid dream.

He takes a dog-whistle from his pocket, and holds it in his hand for a minute, debating whether or not he will sound its shrill tones. Before doing so, however, he decides to try and find the door by which he entered.

Clement Woodleigh walks round the room, but he cannot exactly say in which panel the door opened.

They are all alike, and there is no door handle upon any one of them.

But some effort must be made! He cannot stay here!

Perhaps if he were to sound the dog-whistle the two young farmers might hear it, and might come to the rescue.

He looks up at the windows, set high up in the walls.

He thinks he could climb up by the help of a huge projecting picture frame, which is just under one of them.

He grasps it firmly, and has his foot upon one of the projections, when the panel upon which it is hung suddenly and noiselessly swings open.

CHAPTER VIII.

True worth is measured by affection.

Not by the prices placed on gold.

CLEMENT WOODLEIGH SEES ONLY utter darkness. He descends from the side of the picture, and enters the aperture, groping his way before him.

But, oh! horror! the panel swings back again to its place as noiselessly as it had opened; and the painter is left in utter darkness!

He takes but a few steps and puts his hand upon a wall.

Touching it, as he walks along, he finds he is in a small recess of about eight feet square. Clement Woodleigh presses against the panel with all his strength; but it refuses to yield to his exertions.

In desperation he sounds loudly the shrill dog-whistle. It echoes but faintly in the confined space in which he finds himself; yet again and again he sounds it, in the desperate hope of its reaching the ears of someone willing to help him out.

There is no window in the little apartment. No aperture of any kind.

He reaches up as high as he possibly can; but nothing save the smooth walls meets his touch.

Clement Woodleigh knows the air must soon become exhausted, and then must follow—

Suffocation! Death!

He hammers lustily at the panel, but it refuses to yield, and only emits a dull, hollow sound.

The man is frantic with the hopelessness of despair, and finally sinks on the floor worn out by his efforts.

The hours, which seem to him like days, pass by, yet there he sits on the floor, save when he again renews his efforts and his cries for help.

But not the faintest sound reaches him; he might be buried ten feet in the earth, for any sound that reaches him here.

Gradually a sort of drowsiness steals over him.

But Clement Woodleigh is afraid to yield to it; fearful that if he gives way he may never return to consciousness in the close, stifling air of the little apartment.

So he stands up, paces backwards and forwards, and suddenly recollects the dark lantern in his pocket.

He anathematizes himself for having been so stupid as not to think of it before.

Taking it from his pocket he takes the cover from it, lights it from a match-box and surveys, the little chamber.

He finds he is right in his estimate of its size, but it is of immense height. Quite as high, he thinks, as the outer chamber.

Moreover, the walls are panelled with polished oak to a height of about ten feet, and there is neither window nor door to be seen.

Despite his anxiety, he feels very hungry—he hesitates to light a cigar, fearful of exhausting the small amount of air in the place.

The panel fits so smoothly that he cannot see where the entrance is; and in sheer despair he again sits upon the ground to try and consider what is best to be done.

He is determined not to be immured in a living grave, if he can by any means set himself free.

That he has made up his mind to. But despite the desperate position in which he finds himself, Clement Woodleigh is glad to have gone through the strange adventures of the evening.

If he ever gets out of this place he feels sure he will be almost afraid to tell of all he has seen and heard.

He knows he could hardly be vexed with anyone who would question his veracity upon the subject.

He has just come to this stage of his reflections, when, hark! surely that was a sound!

He puts his ear against the wall, but all again is still!

Yet, surely, he hears a rustling—a stealthy, slow, dragging sound!

Again he sounds the whistle, and as he does so the lantern flickers and goes out, and he is now again in total darkness.

Yes, there is a tapping on the panel; he taps back in return, and a voice says, weakly and hurriedly: "Do not make any more noise. I will help you out."

A few minutes elapse and then the huge panel again swings noiselessly open, and in the dim, grey dawn of the summer's morning he sees a small white figure before him.

His eyes are blinded coming from the darkness even into the faint light of the dawn; so that at first he does not recognise that it is the wounded woman.

"Don't speak above the faintest whisper," she says; "these walls seem to have ears—seem to tell tales."

"You!" he exclaimed, under his breath. "Why, I never could have supposed that you could have had the strength to do this!"

"Courage gives one strength," she replies; "but you must not stay talking here. You must come noiselessly with me, and I will show you how to escape from this vile place!"

"One word more!" he says; "tell me the meaning of what I beheld in this room last night."

"It is too long to tell you now," she answers. "I am not equal to telling you all the strange and awful things which take place here. I can only now say that I thank you sincerely for having been so kind to me to-day, and for saving my baby for me!"

She pauses, exhausted, and leans against the wall for support.

"Take off your shoes," she continues, "and follow me."

"But can you not tell me," he urges, "something about the strange scene I witnessed last evening? It seems like a bad dream! Why did they all steadily ignore me? why did they not speak to me?"

"I'll tell you who they are," she says, in a low, hoarse whisper; "they are pirates and smugglers—wretches—unscrupulous wretches of the deepest dye!"

"What?"

And Clement Woodleigh recollects the piles of rich stuffs which he saw in one of the apartments.

"I tell you it is true!" she repeats. "For years they have made the Towers their headquarters. The old sister and brother who nominally care the place here are in league with them!"

"Smugglers and pirates!" he exclaimed, in some bewilderment. "Why did they seek such an out-of-the-way place as this to fix their camp in?"

"Because they would be the less likely to be suspected. The nominal coal barges bring the merchandise backwards and forwards, and this whole castle is cut up and intersected by secret passages! Moreover, they heard of the legend of the wicked Twin Earls, and of their wicked father and mother. Therefore, on moonlight nights four of them walk round the castle in the costume of their period as a means of keeping timid people away!"

"I saw them last night."

"I know you did. They suspected you would come back, and only you were accompanied by two strong men, you would have been set upon and captured. As it is you are to be taken off blindfolded in one of the barges and shipped to Spain. At least, if you do not now make good your escape, that is what they have decided to do with you."

"May I ask you a question?"

"Yes; but be quick. I am faint. I must not stay longer, or I may be missed, and this is your only chance of escape."

"Will you tell me who you are?"

The woman presses her hand upon her heart, and leans against the wall for support.

"Never mind," she says, brokenly, "never mind. Time will clear up all things."

"Tell me at least what name I am to remember you by."

"Muriel."

Then it was she of whom they had been speaking.

"And will you tell me of how and why you ran away to-day, and how you were taken back?"

"Hush!" she exclaims, in a trembling, terrified whisper. "I am afraid I hear a noise."

They had by this time traversed through

several of the rooms Clement Woodleigh had passed through the night before.

"There!" she continued, hurriedly. "Go down that passage, keep turning continually to the left, and you will find yourself in the park near the place you found me. That is the passage I escaped by."

"I scarcely like to leave you," he says, looking at her lovely blanched face.

"Go! go!" she says, excitedly. "Go, it will be certain death to both of us if you are found here. For both our sakes go!"

As she speaks, she glides rapidly away and Clement Woodleigh is left alone.

There is no resource but for him to follow her instructions.

The stone passage looks dark, damp and uninviting, but a man will do much for his life, and Clement Woodleigh, without more ado, enters the dark vaulted passage.

He carries his shoes and stockings so as not to make any noise, and soon finds that the vaulting is at an end.

He is in a close, suffocating, ill-smelling earthen passage, more like a large sewer than anything else.

The water, too, has oozed through, and "drips, drips," from overhead, leaving the ground damp and plashy.

He hears the water-rats squeaking, and feels that unless he can emerge into the light of Heaven again—and that soon—that he may fall a prey to the hordes of vermin in the loathsome place.

"Plash! plash! plash! plash!"

Are they the echoes of his own footsteps he hears.

He stops and listens.

No; they are not echoes, they are the laboured footsteps of someone advancing towards him.

Shall he turn and run back to the Towers.

But it is too late.

He is just at a turning, and whoever is advancing carries a light.

The stranger turns a corner and Clement Woodleigh is confronted with the old man—the baseborn of Brakeholme!

The man utters a vindictive exclamation.

There is no time to be lost!

Quick as lightning the painter pinions the old man's arms, and then stuffs the socks, which he had held in his hand, into his mouth.

In this plight he pushes him on before him in the dark.

The old man struggles violently; but the desperation of despair has seized upon Clement Woodleigh and seems to endow him with the strength of a giant.

At length, half suffocated, the old man falls upon his face.

Clement Woodleigh jumps over the grovelling, prostrate body, and runs as a man runs for his life.

Stolidly he keeps the turnings to the left, and presently he is rewarded by a whiff of purer, clearer air.

On and on he speeds, and at length emerges into the early morning light.

The revulsion of feeling is very nearly too much even for the strong man.

He sinks upon the soft, dew-laden grass, and buries his face in the sweet-scented moss.

But he knows that even now danger may be near, so, rising quickly, he walks at a rapid pace, although his feet are bare and bleeding, until he comes within sight of Farmer Jordan's home-stead.

"I ought to call and relieve the minds of these good fellows," he says to himself, as he draws near the farmhouse.

Everything is astir in the farmyard, early as it is, and as Clement Woodleigh reaches the gate he meets with Mark Jordan.

CHAPTER IX.

A cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

With soiled and torn clothes, haggard looks, and bruised and bleeding feet, Clement Wood-

leigh presents himself to the astonished gaze of the young farmer.

The painter reels into the farmyard and sinks exhausted upon a heap of straw which is near.

The father, mother, and other brother are soon in attendance, and stimulants are administered to the almost fainting man.

He presently recovers and enters the farmhouse.

They are all eager in their inquiries, but he only says:

"How is Sir Mervyn?"

"He was very bad, sir, up to late last night," says Mrs. Jordan, "for I sent up to inquire. I believe he was asking for you, sir."

"I wish you would send up now to Petherick Place," he replies, "to say I am here, and also get a change of clothes for me."

The sun is now high in the heavens, and Stephen Jordan volunteers to take Clement Woodleigh's message.

The young farmer feels rather ashamed of himself—and rather curious at the same time; he wants to hear all about the painter's adventures, and he scarcely likes to ask about them.

Exhausted from the exciting events of the previous night, Clement Woodleigh yields to Mrs. Jordan's advice, and goes to bed.

No sooner does he put his head upon the pillow than he falls asleep.

It is late in the afternoon when he awakes and finds a bath and fresh clothes laid in readiness for him.

He is soon dressed, and joins the family at their tea in the kitchen.

Having bound them over to secrecy for the present, Clement Woodleigh recounts from beginning to end the strange adventures which he has gone through.

They listen in open-mouthed amazement.

"We never heard a sound after you left us, sir," says Stephen Jordan; "we waited and waited, and never heard anything; we have not been to bed all night and only left when we had to attend to the horses this morning."

"Do you mean to say you never heard a whistle—nor the sound of music?"

"No, sir. The place was as silent as the grave!"

"There's many a one has seen the dressed up figures," says Mrs. Jordan. "I've been listening to the story about them all my life!"

"You see, there was some foundation for the story," remarked the other sons.

"It was a clever idea," mused the painter, "but I don't quite understand it all yet. However, I hope time will reveal all to us, for I am resolved not to let the matter rest until it is thoroughly sifted to the bottom."

"Don't you think, sir," interposed the old farmer, between the whiffs of his pipe, "that it ought to be put into the hands of the police?"

"I think so, but I'll first wait and see how Sir Mervyn is. He is a magistrate, and will see to the matter."

"I confess we acted in a cowardly manner last night, sir," says Stephen Jordan, in rather a shame-faced, apologetic way, "but now that we know that we have to wrestle against things of flesh and blood, and not against the powers of the air, you may count upon us to aid and abet the police in every way."

"That you may," chimed in the father, heartily, "and myself too; and my three nephews, each one as big as Steve there. Why, we'd make an army of ourselves, and you for a captain, sir."

The painter smiled.

"At all events," he says, "when Sir Mervyn asked me to come here for a holiday he did not count upon so romantic an incident taking place. However, it evidently will be a charity and a benefit to the neighbourhood to root out these people, so we must see what we can do. Mrs. Jordan," he continues, rising. "I shall not trespass upon your hospitality any longer. I thank you very much for it, and before I leave Petherick Place you must let me do a picture of your pretty farmhouse, and present it to you."

Clement Woodleigh walks hastily to Petherick Place.

How long ago it seems since he has been here last.

He can scarcely believe that only a day and a night have elapsed.

And the Lady Isola! He thinks of her, and wonders how she has gotten on, and of what on earth is to be done with her.

And then the painter thinks of the vision beneath the magnolia tree, of the pearly feet in the lush grasses, the glorious eyes, and the whole face "like a red, red rose."

As he thinks of all these things, Clement Woodleigh quickens his pace.

The doctor is at Petherick Place as he arrives; and he has a consultation with him about Sir Mervyn.

"He is quite conscious now," says the doctor; "so much so that I consider him quite capable of giving an account of all that has happened."

"Doctor Fleming," replies the painter, "I am a stranger in the neighbourhood; and Sir Mervyn does not know much about it either, so I want your advice."

"You shall have it, my good fellow, with the greatest pleasure," responded the cheery, good-natured little doctor. "I ought to know the neighbourhood pretty well, for I have lived here, boy and man, for close upon fifty-eight years."

"Good!" replies the painter. "Now, sir, you know all I know about the young lady now under the housekeeper's care here."

"Yes."

"Have you ever heard of any mystery connected with Brakeholme Towers?"

"Yes! Bless you! Many a one!" replied the doctor, with a hearty laugh; "all kinds of stories are rife about it. My good wife actually believes that the wicked Twin Earls—as the people about here call them—walk round the Towers on moonlight nights, followed by their father and mother, the lady with powdered hair, and the gentleman in knee-breeches and high-heeled shoes."

"Indeed! any other mysterious appearances?"

"Yes," continues the doctor, "I have got a gardener—a very decent, respectable man—thoroughly sane upon every point but one. His mad point is, that one night he was passing by the Towers, rather late, and saw a room in an inner court brilliantly illuminated. He climbed up by walls and ivy, and looked in a window, and he says he saw a roomful of company dressed in the way the wicked Twins are described. Poor fellow!" says the doctor, "I think he must have taken a little drop too much that evening, and had a vision like that of Tom O'Shanter!" and he laughs at his own wit; "but we're all mad on some point, if we only knew it, that's my theory," and poor John Porter is mad on the subject of the mysterious party he fancies he saw in the gloomy old Towers."

Clement Woodleigh has listened attentively to the doctor's story, and, much to the worthy little man's surprise, he says:

"Doctor Fleming, your gardener was in his perfectly sober senses. I saw the same sight last night."

"Heaven bless my soul! You don't say so!"

The doctor places his hands on his knees and stares at Clement Woodleigh.

"I do say so. And what is more, I have been one of that mysterious party, and have spoken to them."

The good doctor looks more and more mystified.

And then Clement Woodleigh tells the whole strange tale.

The doctor listens gravely, and then says:

"My dear fellow! A thousand reports which I have laughed at now occur to my mind and corroborate your story. But don't you think this is a question for the authorities?"

"Decidedly, and I place myself in your hands, doctor, to tell me what to do."

"To tell you the truth," he replies, "I think the first thing you should do is to get this young lady out of this place."

"But where is she to go?" inquires the painter, who secretly does not like the proposition.

"I'd offer to take her home myself," says the doctor, "if I had any womankind of my own. But I have been a widower for the last twenty years, and my only daughter is married, and out in India. However, I think if I were to tell the main facts of the case to Mrs. Belford, our rector's wife, that she would come over and take the young lady."

"I think you are right, doctor."

"Then there is Lord Rainsford, he is the nearest magistrate. Suppose you come over with me to-morrow and make a deposition before him?"

"Thank you very much, doctor, for your kindness."

"Not at all," he replies, rising. "And now, suppose we go and see Sir Mervyn, and hear what he has to say."

Sir Mervyn looks paler than usual, and the bandages around his head have rather a startling effect.

But on the whole, he looks much better than Clement Woodleigh has expected to find him.

His intellect is quite clear; his voice strong, and he says in his customary tones:

"I say, Woodleigh, old boy, what has become of you?"

"I'll tell you all about it another time," replies the painter, pressing his friend's hand. "Don't excite yourself for a day or so, and you'll be all the better for it. Just try if you can recollect what happened when I left you with the wounded woman and baby."

"And don't hurry yourself," interposes the doctor; "don't try to remember, but just tell us what comes to your recollection."

"Thanks for your advice, doctor," says the invalid. "I don't think you had been long gone when four men suddenly made their appearance, one of them being the man whom we had seen with the child. 'Twas pushed away, and despite my struggles, held by one, whilst the woman was quickly carried away by two others, and the child by another. Just as he was leaving me, the man who was holding me struck me a violent blow on the back of the head. I suppose I was stunned by it, for I never knew anything more until you found me."

"Well, don't think any more about it, now," said the painter; "the child is all right, and the woman much better than I should have thought."

"Then you have seen them?" he asks, eagerly.

"Yes, but don't excite yourself. I have seen them again, and have spoken to the woman, and as soon as you are somewhat better I shall tell you all about the matter."

"Where were you all this time, Woodleigh?" Sir Mervyn asks, with some curiosity.

"I shall tell you again, my friend. Meantime, try and compose yourself, and you will the sooner be the better able to listen to what I have to say to you."

"You must leave my patient now, Mr. Woodleigh," says the doctor in a peremptory tone; "he has been quite excited enough for one visit."

"One word!" exclaims Sir Mervyn, eagerly grasping his friend's hand. "Where is that lovely creature I saw when I first recovered consciousness?"

"She is quite safe," returns the painter, with a sort of jealous reticence. "I am going to see her."

"Oh!" Sir Mervyn turns his head away.

Can it be that "love, the leveller," is about to raise between the friends "a cloud," even if "no bigger than a man's hand."

(To be Continued.)

It is said that the well-known M. Bois Dubois, whose death was announced a short time ago, has bequeathed the whole of his large fortune, close upon 2,000,000*fr.* (about £80,000), to the poor of Paris.

SCIENCE.

LIGHT DRAFT STEAM FIRE ENGINES.

THE Metropolitan Fire Brigade have just added to the plant of the new chief station in the Southwark Bridge Road, two of the most improved form of light draft steam fire engines specially suited for rapid transmission to a fire. The engines are previously tested on the premises of the makers, Shand, Mason & Co., in the presence of Captain Shaw and his officers. Various improvements have been introduced; by means of those in the boiler, steam was raised from cold water to 100*lb.* on the square inch in six-and-a-half minutes this being an acceleration of time by about three or four minutes as compared with the engines previously in use—a most essential point, considering the necessity of bringing a jet of water to bear upon the fire in the shortest possible time.

The increasing height to which warehouses and public buildings are now carried in London necessitates increased pressure on the water jet, and this has been met in these engines by giving an increased area of steam cylinder as compared with the water cylinder, while to enable the man in charge of the jet to shut it off entirely, so as to avoid unnecessary damage by water or from other causes, without the roundabout way of sending a messenger to the engine, which may be in another street, a patent self-acting apparatus has been adopted, by which the jet may be entirely closed at the building on fire, without interfering with or stopping the working of the engine.

This is accomplished by a special hydraulic safety valve regulated by a spring balance, which allows all excess of pressure to be relieved by passing the water to the suction pipe.

The first of this improved form of engine has been sent by the makers, Shand, Mason & Co., to the Paris Exhibition.

A HAND TORPEDO.—A new warlike appliance is about to be introduced into the service, and will probably be known as the "hand torpedo." Like the grenades of half a century ago, they are intended to be thrown by the hand into the enemy's boats or over parapets or stockades, but instead of being a shell exploded by a fuse, as the grenades were, they will consist entirely of gun cotton, pulped and compressed into a cake or balls or three of four pounds weight. A long cord is attached to each charge, the other end of which is connected with a kind of pistol held by the operator. The torpedo is pitched into the required position, when a touch on the trigger of the pistol detonates the gun-cotton, and an explosion follows, such as experiment has shown to be sufficient to shatter in atoms a five-ton block of granite. One such charge skillfully applied would annihilate a boat's crew, and in the hands of daring men might work great destruction by being thrown into large ships.

NEW INVENTIONS.—William B. Rutherford and Joel T. Hawkins have patented an improved Bale Tie, which is formed of the plate provided with a longitudinal groove and cross ribs or loops, and having projections or keys to adapt it to receive and hold notched ends of the bale band. An improvement in Composition Pavements has been patented by John C. Russell. This invention relates to the treatment of peat and spent tan for the manufacture of an improved product or material suitable for paving roads and other places and for roofing, etc. The most important steps in making the composition consist in drying bruised or finely ground peat or spent tan, heating the same in vacuo to degree of 150 degs. Fahr., and adding sulphur and gas tar, gas pitch, and stearine pitch in the proportions specified, then kneading the mixture while heated and adding carbonate of lime and furnace slag.

CONSIDER health as your best friend, and think as well, of it in spite of all its foibles, as you can.



[A MUTUAL SURPRISE.]

THE WHISPERS OF NORMAN CHASE.

CHAPTER XLIII.

It has a strange, quick ray upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol. DON JUAN.

ONCE more, the unhappy man whose disguise had fallen off in his daughter's presence was away from the Chase, leaving, however, Augusta there, still preserving her mother's patronymic. He had told her all, except the one dread secret of his life, which was known to only three beings in the world—except two secrets, indeed, because he said no word concerning the avowal he had so lately made to Evelyn's mother.

After that, it was, of course, impossible that he should remain at the Chase; but he took no farewells, simply leaving in Evelyn's room—which he once more visited as a pilgrim might a shrine—a paper with the words written on it:

"The daughter of Gertrude Norman will be kind to the daughter of him who loves her as his child—for her own sake, if not for his."

And they were. Sisters in heart already, though once estranged, these two young girls felt themselves linked as much in fate as in sympathy.

Still, each had her casket of secrets which she could not unlock to the other.

But one thing above all else they had in common—fear and hatred of Mathew Drake.

They were sitting in that graceful morning room to which Mathew had once been summoned to his disgrace.

"I thought he was at your mercy," Augusta said.

"Not quite. I must get that other piece of

Indian cord. When I saw it last I could not touch it."

"You know where it is?"

"Yes."

"Then let us go and secure it."

"We must wait till nightfall. Even now, darling, for no reason that I can give, I dread lest he should be once more in this house. I think I see his evil face peering round corners, and hear his villanous whispers when I am alone."

"No wonder," answered Augusta. "But why not, when to-night's talk is done, openly accuse him?"

"I would, if I dared. But I am forbidden. Oh! Augusta, there are things yet to be told which must remain untold while that wretch has a voice to utter them."

That night, however, long after the midnight lull had fallen upon Norman Chase, the two young girls sat together in that jasmine-scented chamber to which Mr. Mathew Drake had paid his visit in the dark.

She showed Augusta the coin, orientally engraved, which she had picked out of the old iron chest in the octagon room, together with the little gold and steel keys.

"I always carry them about with me," she said, "for, in this house something surprising may happen at any moment. There! I knew it. He is here!"

A face, unmistakable in its ugliness and cunning, had, indeed, been visible for a moment in the doorway; but, by the time they stood outside the room, all was lonely and quiet.

"How much has he heard, do you think?" asked Augusta.

"If he was listening when I spoke of the cord," answered Evelyn, "he may ruin all by destroying the evidence. Now, Augusta, I am only a girl. I have never harmed a living thing in all my life. I have never understood how women can take delight in the agonies of a hunted fox or deer, or the dying flutter of a poor, helpless dove escaping out of a cage. I am ashamed of those who do. The one blow I

ever struck was on the face of Mathew Drake. But see!"—she passed into the room and out of it in an instant of time—"this is what Gilbert Green gave me, when, Heaven knows, I was in no fear of him. It is a pistol, and loaded. Augusta, you need not go with me, but"—and she dropped her voice until its accents seemed unearthly—"rather than that man shall triumph in his crime to-night, I will lay him dead at my feet!"

Her young companion could not answer. She was frightened.

Evelyn Hedley was terrible to look upon—beautiful, but so hard, so stern, that half of human nature seemed to have gone out of her.

"Come or stay," she said, deliberately moving in the direction which, no doubt, Mathew Drake had taken.

"I will come," faltered Augusta, clinging to her, and shuddering. "Do not do it, Evelyn—no, not in this house. It has seen too many horrors already."

"All his work," replied the fierce young girl, roused to a pitch of absolutely dangerous passion. "I would have waited; I am not impatient; he was preparing his own doom fast enough; but let him beware how he comes between me and my purpose to-night!"

Rapidly, though noiselessly, she led the way, now only too familiar, to the old chapel. It was perfectly dark.

Evelyn shaded the little lamp she carried, and guiding Augusta by one hand, felt along the wall with the other.

Once inside, they paused to listen. Nothing could be heard, if indeed, the beating of their own hearts was not audible.

After a few moments, the light was unmasked, and showed the stone slab in the middle of the pavement, undisturbed.

"I know how to lift it," said Evelyn, calmly, and going to a corner, where several implements were piled against the wall; "I used this before."

It was, however, a more difficult work than

she contemplated. The stone had been cemented in its place.

By their united efforts it was at last raised, and there lay the deadly coil, which had been fatal as a snake to the true lord of Norman Chase.

But the gravelike gap was a deep one, and they were perplexed.

"You shall not touch it," said Augusta, in an undertone: "I will leap down, and you can help me out again."

Without another word, the brave girl was at the bottom of the pit, and had fastened the cord round her waist.

Then, with Evelyn's aid, she scrambled up, and they restored the flooring of the old chapel, as much as possible, to its original appearance.

Flushed and excited, they were preparing to return, when the sound of footsteps approaching was heard.

"I thought he would come," whispered Evelyn. "But we can hide here." And she drew her young companion into a deep recess, masking the lamp, "and if," she continued, tapping the wicked-looking little weapon in her hand, "he sees us, I will show him this."

Mathew Drake entered, looking about him furtively.

To their surprise, he did not go near the slab that had contained the awful relic; but, only throwing at it a look of his detestable face, proceeded to ransack the chests.

This took a long time, and he was manifestly disappointed.

"Where did I put it?" they heard him mutter. "Ah! my sweet Evelyn, little did you imagine who laid that little package by moonlight in your pretty, perfumed chamber, or what I had taken out of it. I kissed your pillow, my darling."

Augusta felt Evelyn's right hand firmly withdrawn from hers. Swiftly, she repossessed herself of it.

Happily, at that instant, Mathew Drake, anathematising his own forgetfulness, left the chapel as he had come.

"What did you mean to do?" said Augusta, in a tremulous whisper.

"Shoot him dead, the villain!" answered Evelyn, her lips quivering with passion. "But I am glad you hindered me. There is another end in store for Mr. Drake. But we must not lose sight of him. The thief robbed me of something that night, it seems."

Intrepid in her determination to defend herself at all hazards, Evelyn Hedley tremulously followed by the young girl, who dreaded lest any instant should precipitate a tragedy, tracked the night prowler from room to room until, after a long and sedulous search, he uttered an exclamation of joy.

From the drawer of an antique armoire they saw him take two caskets—one of polished steel, another of some shining yellow metal.

Evelyn thought of her keys.

He was beating his forehead with his knuckles, as if to beat back some recollection that escaped him. A thought flashed into Evelyn's mind.

A door of the chamber in which Mathew was standing with the caskets, one in each hand, was flung back into the corridor, and rested against the wall.

He had set down his lantern on a small iron bracket close to it.

She laid a finger on Augusta's lips, at the same time giving her the pistol and the shaded lamp she was carrying.

Then, with all her strength, she seized the door, swung it to and fro for an instant, and dashed it with a loud crash into its place, extinguishing the light, and so startling Mr. Mathew Drake that, with a shriek of terror, he dropped the caskets and stumbled to his knees over them.

They heard him groping about, and then step out into the passage.

"There's no daunt," he grumbled, "and nothing moving; but I can only find one of them. Well, I can get another light, and perhaps those keys at the same time."

Norman Chase was giving up its secrets at last, though slowly, and one by one.

No sooner had Mathew Drake's retreating footsteps ceased to be heard than the two young girls fearlessly entered the room—Augusta inspired with new energy by excitement.

They caught up the little metal boxes, both of which Evelyn gave her companion to carry.

"I'm the escort," she said, with a slightly sardonic laugh.

Their agitation was now so intense, that even when locked in the seclusion of their own chamber they almost feared to open the caskets, anxious though one, especially, had been to obtain them.

"First, put that rope away," said Evelyn, and they secreted it with the other condemning fragment.

"The gold key first," she went on, and one of the little coffers revealed its contents.

A small packet, elaborately sealed, gummed, marked by cyphers, and other strange legendry, in a language they could not interpret, and addressed in English.

"EVELYN HEDLEY—not to be opened until she hears an authenticated account of my death."

NORMAN HEDLEY.

It was that which the messenger had brought, and which Mathew Drake had stolen when he crept like a pestilence into the pure calm of our Evelyn's sleeping—dreaming—chamber.

Here was a perplexity.

Neither of the young girls dared to solve it. Such a covenant was sacred.

But was it a message from the man who lay dead in the vaults of Norman Chase, or a revelation from that ether who had borne his name, and reigned in his place?

"Open the other," said Evelyn.

It contained an exquisite model of an Indian Temple in gold.

On the threshold lay a broken cross.

On a miniature altar of the same material in front was a vermillion cone, as if to represent a flame. The mystification was absolute.

"I am sorely tempted to break these seals," said Evelyn, turning over the little packet in her hand.

"You might repent it," rejoined Augusta. "It contains some direful secret, I am convinced. Let us hide them both away, where the Will is, and that other thing. Drake may be cunning, but he will never unlock this little mystery. Then let us now get some rest, and in the morning go to Lady Norman."

"Not to tell her?"

"Only that we have seen Mathew Drake."

They went early to Lady Norman's room. Mr. Gilbert Green was with her. On the table lay a large sheet of parchment.

"Miss Fairleigh," said Gilbert, "you are in good time. Will you have the kindness to tell me, in presence of these ladies, whether you have ever seen this document before, and whether that is your signature?"

Augusta carefully examined both, and made answer:

"I have never seen this document before, and that is not my signature."

"Heavens!" cried Lady Norman, "what is that in your hand, Evelyn—not a pistol?"

"Yes, a pistol, mamma," she replied. "Had there been danger to anyone of us last night, I should have shot the assassin of my father."

Gilbert Green stood as if petrified with astonishment.

How was it that this young girl, always so beautiful, and usually so tender, assumed that she had penetrated what, to all the rest of the world, was a mystery, and even spoke with calmness about executing justice with her own hand?

She knew enough of him to confide in his honour, and explain the matter slightly before reverting to the forged transfer that lay on the table, when a piercing cry startled them all, and the poor young girl, Caroline, her face bleeding, and her whole countenance expressive

of the utmost terror, came flying into the room.

"A man!" she cried, "a strange man. He struck me, and swore—Oh, save me!"

Bounding along, as if mad with fury, Mathew Drake came closely following the terrified creature; but a glance at the occupants of the room sent him back with a stagger and an oath, and he was away before they had recovered from their amazement.

When this was done, and while Augusta was affectionately attending to his daughter, Gilbert Green turned to Evelyn, and quietly said:

"Give me that pistol, Miss Hedley."

"Useless. Too late. He is in some den of his own discovery by this time. Besides, Gilbert," she added, in a voice which made him shudder, "that man belongs to me."

Caroline Gilbert told her story. It was a very simple one.

Coming along the corridor, she had detected a person, a stranger, trying to force the lock of Miss Hedley's room.

"Who are you, sir," she had asked him, "and how dare you meddle with that door?"

For answer, he had struck her on the head with some instrument he was applying to the lock.

When she screamed, he swore he would kill her, and tried to stifle her cries with his hand; but she broke loose, and he pursued her, swearing all the way.

"We shall make up a nice little account against you, Mr. Mathew Drake," said Mr. Gilbert Green. "The finest morning that ever broke on York Castle will be that which sees you and your legal friend step out through a window with a chaplain on either hand. I am not a monster, Miss Evelyn, but I shall be there, I assure you."

Evelyn shuddered.

Not merely on account of the words which he had uttered with such cynical deliberation; not even because he made so certain of this wretch's fate; but also because something similar, though less ghastly real, had passed through her own mind.

"Poor Caroline," he said, kissing and fondling his child, whose wound was only slight.

"It is nothing, papa," she replied. "I would suffer a great deal more for Miss Hedley or Miss Fairleigh."

There was a world of unmeant reproach in the look she directed towards her young mistress, who took her hands, saying:

"I know I was ungrateful, Caroline. But I hope you know, too, that I was very foolish, and very penitent."

She passed her arms around the neck of the blushing creature, and left there a sparkling chain of gold with a cross of brilliants.

At sight of it, the pretty simpleton uttered a little cry, as though she had been bitten, instead of being embraced.

"Now," interrupted Gilbert Green, "you won't let me give myself up? Very good. Perhaps it would be a pity to do only half of the work at the time. But we must bring this Maxwell to book before he turns these forgeries into money. It must be done, if we have to act a play for the purpose."

Then he detailed to his listeners a plan which had certainly the merit of ingenuity and also of daring.

They sat long in conference.

At the end of it, Caroline Green, who had not spoken while the grave deliberations were going on, said:

"And what am I to do in all this, papa?"

"Nothing, child," answered Gilbert Green, "that brings you within a mile, or a hundred miles of Mr. Anthony Maxwell. But," he added, after a pause, "I may alter my mind even about that."

CHAPTER XLIV.

Go to a bargain made, seal it—and it: 'Tis be the witness. THOMAS & CHURCHMAN.

AGAIN Mr. Anthony Maxwell was at his chambers in Lyon's Inn; but this time alone.

From certain muttered oaths, mingling with also muttered words, it might be inferred that he was cursing both his recent failures, and his folly in leaving the distilling apparatus where it could be seen by anyone who chanced to enter the room.

But, most of all, he execrated his stupidity in trusting Mr. Mathew Drake with the secret of the laurel water.

What had he done with the few drops he possessed, and might not their decoction be traced to himself? For these hand-and-glove friends believed in each other's faith as two Jesuits believe in each other.

There was an outward rattling of a key in the lock; Anthony had time to put away his apparatus; the door opened, and Gilbert entered with a scared look.

"May somebody blacken you?" cried Maxwell; "why are you always coming here with that white face? Have you anything on your mind, my dear confederate?"

Gilbert Green evidently winced at this palpable hit.

But he remembered what Stanley Hope had said in that room.

"Maxwell," he answered, forgetting the courtesy title in his excitement; "we are accused. There is a warrant out. The runners will be here in an hour, and Newgate will hold us both. There is not an instant to lose. No, I can't stop to explain. We must quit—decamp—fly, I tell you!"

"But the documents?"

"Burn them!"

"You know I can't, they are parchments."

"Bring them away with us!"

"And that still?"

"Oh! leave that. You know there was no harm in it, Mr. Maxwell. Only a little playing at science."

Maxwell eyed him keenly for an instant, but his face expressed nothing beyond an excess of terror.

Far less, however, than that of his master, whose hands trembled so that he could not open the safe.

Gilbert assisted him, and they crammed the contents—more than enough in those days to have brought the richest firm of bankers or merchants in England to the gallows—into an old brown portmanteau; and then glanced round to see whether further preparations were necessary.

"Money?" said Gilbert.

"I have a drawer full of it here," replied his master. "Here, fill your pockets while I fill mine."

"Sharp, then; that was a Bow Street whistle. Oh, Lord! they are at the door."

"This way, Maxwell," whispered the old clerk, once more forgetting the respect so eminently due to his employer.

They passed through an inner ante-chamber upon a narrow landing-place, and down a steep staircase to a door opening into Wych Street.

Thence a rickety cabriolet conveyed them to one of the old tumble-down inns, with wooden galleries running round their courtyards, the last of which has only lately disappeared from the neighbourhood of the Borough.

"Where now?" said Maxwell, when they were ensconced in a private room; "but, first, Gilbert, sing! I must drink away this trembling fit. Walter, a bottle—no, a magnum—of port."

Not until he had drenched his nerves in the hot, strong wine could this legal luminary bring his mind to bear upon the circumstances of his position.

After that happier state of feeling had set in, he repeated the question.

"The Moat?"

"Suspected already—watched, perhaps."

"The Manor?"

"The little spitfire herself will see to that."

"The Chase?"

"No longer safe, even for Drake."

"The Grange?"

"Spitfire again. Besides, she and that Stanley may, by this time, have put their heads together."

A phrase which was accompanied by an ex-

pletive not usually interpreted as signifying the best of good wishes.

"We must go somewhere," said Gilbert.

"Clearly," replied Maxwell; "here we are not safe for twenty-four hours. I have it! That place just out of Bristol, where I thought I had Augusta Fairleigh securely enough, but some other girl had tricked me. I wish I had her here."

Garrick could not have assumed an aspect of greater amazement than, at this moment, did Gilbert Green.

The more to his credit in that, at this allusion to his child, he could have throttled the speaker on that very floor.

"Miss Fairleigh! Another girl!" he said. "Why, Mr. Maxwell, what are you dreaming about?"

Mr. Maxwell perceived his blunder, and hastened to repair it.

"Oh!" he explained, "nothing was done, only I hoped that Augusta would undertake a little journey to suit my purposes, and I was duped, through some meddling beggars, by a little, shabby, mean-looking young cat, who had palmed herself off as the heiress of Fairleigh Manor."

Mr. Anthony Maxwell, you had better have cut your tongue out than have uttered those words?

For an instant the firm heart of Gilbert wavered, and the forger would have been nearer death than at any other moment of existence; but, with a deadly reservation in his mind, he swallowed the insult to his child, and was faithful to the plan that had been prepared.

They travelled together as far as Bath, when Mr. Anthony Maxwell suddenly missed his companion.

But the white-haired, mute man who had already, a little time ago, journeyed that way, was once more on the top of the coach when it stopped at the King's Arms.

Curiously enough, moreover, he also was bound for Clifton House, that most respectable establishment where invalids were boarded by the week, month, or season—occasionally much against their will, if rumours were true.

There was a common dinner, after which the new-comers adjourned to their rooms, when Mr. Anthony Maxwell began to reflect seriously upon the position in which he had placed himself.

They hanged in those days for forgery, and the prospect was not a pleasant one.

"What," was the question he asked himself, "shall I do with these deeds? If I destroy them I cancel the evidence; but, then, what of the property? If I keep them she can swear away my life at any moment. I wonder whether I can trust that Gilbert? At any rate, he sinks or swims with me."

"Talking to yourself again, Mr. Maxwell?" said someone, disturbing his soliloquy. "You need not be at the pains of burning those parchments. In the King's name, arrest that man for forgery and conspiracy to murder!"

The speaker was Gilbert Green, and it may be as well to confess that the part he played was not a little treacherous, all the worse because it initiated his little daughter in the ways of deceit.

But he had her wrongs to avenge, not less than his own, and thought that anything was justifiable which would bring his master to an account.

Four sturdy fellows advanced into the room and laid hands upon the attorney, who appeared paralysed by fear. Gilbert Green came to his assistance.

"I have been your servant," he said, "and I have helped in your crimes. The law, or those who know it, tells me that I am not answerable for what I have done. Nevertheless, I don't want to have your blood upon my hands. Give up all those forgeries. Confess to them. Sign this acknowledgment, repudiating all claim to the Fairleigh estates, and tell the heiress what know of her parentage."

Maxwell, still speechless, looked like a wolf at the window, at the door, at the four sham "runners," and at Gilbert Green himself.

He made a step towards the open casement. One of the men prevented him.

"Another trick like that, and we will have the wristbands on you," said Gilbert Green. "Now, Maxwell, the agreement or the gallows. It will be a respite, you know, not a pardon. I shall hold in reserve your blackguard language about my child. Keep him safe, my men, while I fetch in the ladies."

In utter humiliation, the baffled swindler found himself confronted by Augusta Fairleigh and Caroline Green.

Their glance of contempt was more than he felt himself able to endure.

He could almost have died on the spot rather than in the presence of his former master's daughter, sign himself forger, thief, and, morally speaking, assassin.

But, in addition to the natural cowardice of villainy, he was helpless, even against himself.

The process of his degradation was gone through unsparingly, and when he had stripped himself of all his acquisitions obtained from the young girl by plunder, he stood, in craven terror, while Gilbert Green, addressing Augusta, asked:

"And now, Miss Fairleigh, what shall be done with the man?"

"Scoundrel!" shouted the infuriate wretch. "You are not going away from your word?"

"You are free, for the present, so far as I am concerned. You have now to ask the lady's pardon for trying to murder her."

This was said as coolly as if he were accusing the other of attempting to pick his pocket.

"Miss Fairleigh," pleaded the abject man, "are you pitiless?"

"Tell me what you know of my father," she answered.

"I cannot now," he urged. "I will give you all the information I possess. It is in writing. Gilbert, you have the keys. I could not deceive you now if I would."

"No," said Gilbert; "we have everything we want. Miss Fairleigh, I have the documents. Once more, what am I to do with him?"

"Anthony Maxwell," she replied, "you are a bad man, and have many crimes to repent. But your punishment shall not come from me. So far as you have done your worst to wrong me, I forgive you. Go!"

He would have obeyed her, and was leaving the room, when Gilbert again interfered:

"Not so fast, Mr. Anthony Maxwell. Miss Fairleigh is merciful. Now, go upon your marrowbones, and beg pardon of my child."

"No, papa, I don't want it," broke in that impetuous young creature. "I won't have anyone kneel to me. Let him call me a toad if he likes, I shall be none the less your sane, darling, beautiful child. Send him away, and if my forgiveness is worth anything to him, he has it—there!"

"Not ruined, quite," muttered the discomfited lawyer, as he descended the stairs, "and I can trust to them, once they have said a thing. But Gilbert is keeping something back. He has not done with me yet. What, you here?"

"I have heard it all, and you have your bargain to make with me, now," said Charlotte Cooper, intercepting him on the landing-place.

He was not quite in his senses, even then, but he dragged her by the wrist into a lower sitting room, and said, with an atrocious oath:

"What have you heard?"

"Your confession," she replied, "and I admire your abilities, Mr. Maxwell. Marry me, and I can never be a witness against you."

Had the roof fallen in, or the flooring opened beneath his feet, this legal gentleman might have been startled.

But a miracle would have astonished him less than such a proposition—amounting to a command—on the part of this girl, brazen though he knew her to be. Here was a fall indeed—from Augusta to Charlotte!

"How came you to be in this neighbourhood?" he asked, with a poor attempt at evasion.

"Gone into Greenwich Fair," she replied.

"Travel in a circus. Wear short-skirted pink frocks, paint myself, and sing. Was going to marry the proprietor's son; but found out he had a wife already in Van Diemen's Land for poisoning her first husband. So, now?"

Life was a high consideration with Mr. Anthony Maxwell; but, for an instant, he weighed it in the balance against the thought of an union with this heartless and shameless termagant, ignobly born, and the members of whose family were itinerant jugglers, mock gipseys and strolling-players, better known to the audiences of canvas booths than to the congregations of Clapham.

But there was no help for it. The bargain must be struck, and Charlotte, the ballet-girl, for a reason she refused to explain, married, in a few days, the legal luminary of Lyon's Inn, whom, after arming herself with all necessary documents, she left at the church door, declaring that she never wished to see him again.

Augusta Fairleigh, at all events, owed her some thanks.

(To be Continued.)

HER GUIDING STAR;

OR,

LOVE AND TREACHERY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE apartments consigned to Jessie consisted of two rooms; one, her bedroom, commanding a view of the river; the other, in its rear, and communicating with it, combined the conveniences of dressing-room and library.

Here a large wardrobe of black walnut, supported by immense balls, with its heavy cornice, extended to the low ceiling.

Its two folding doors, richly carved, when opened, disclosed deep recesses, affording space for skirts that

Made a brave expansion.

Next in importance was a walnut bookcase, the lower part an escritoire, on the top of which was a small plaster bust of Calvin, painted black, probably in honour of his cloth.

Here, among many of graver character, were a few books placed apparently for her especial benefit:

"Bennet's Letters to young Ladies," "Fordyce's Sermons for young Women," "Gregory's Advice to his Daughters," "Mrs. Chapone's Letters;" and, for lighter reading, "The religious Courtship," and "Sir Charles Grandison," in eight volumes.

The heavy carved four-post bedstead, blackened by time, was surrounded by curtains on which blue and white shepherds and shepherdesses tended blue and white sheep, wore garlands of blue and white roses, and reposed under blue and white trees but little higher than themselves.

But, if Art was rude, Nature, true to herself, was beautiful!

The river, though seen through small and inconveniently-constructed windows, was to be traced far-stretching north and south; and the mountains, irradiated by the declining sun, burnishing, as he receded, their empurpled summits, amply made up for all interior deficiencies.

Having changed her dress, Jessie proceeded to adjust herself in her new quarters, and, this done, a summons to supper recalled her to her friends.

At the dining-room door she was met by her grandfather.

He had insisted on leaving his room on her account.

Taking her hand, with apologies for his disability, he introduced to her a handsome young man as "Mr. Henry Fanmuir, his cousin," who advanced to greet her with much cordiality.

A pleasant recognition of each other by the young people, with a reference to the circum-

stance already referred to, drew forth the old gentleman.

Shaking his cane at his grandson, and then winking at Jessie, he exclaimed, with a loud laugh:

"But she is able to avenge herself now, sir, I can tell you, and you'll do well if you escape without being mortally wounded."

Jessie laughed carelessly.

Her cousin, however, looked a little conscious and uneasy.

Placing Jessie on his right and his grandson on his left, Mr. Fanmuir was radiant with good-humour.

Miss Fanmuir, who occupied the head of the table, dispensed with grace and kindness the good things that covered it.

At nine o'clock the servants, a goodly number, entered to family prayers.

At ten, the usual hour for retiring, Jessie was re-conducted to her room by her aunt, who, kissing her, said, with a smile:

"It is so long since you slept in this house, my love, that your dreams may be as prophetic as if it were the first time. I hope they will be pleasant, at all events. I am too happy to sleep at all, I fear."

"Dear aunt!" thought Jessie, as she left her; "there is something in her face that says she has not often been sleepless from excess of happiness. How sweet she looks! yet she must be forty, I suppose. I wonder if people are not always young who are as good as Aunt Janet."

Jessie's rest was so profound that, much to her confusion, she found, on entering the parlour in the morning, the family prayers over, and her grandfather ceremoniously waiting for her.

Her humble apology was graciously received, and Miss Fanmuir, to relieve her embarrassment, playfully called for her dream.

"Oh, I slept too soundly for that; but stay! I did dream something, too. Ah! now I recollect; and it was about Cousin Henry," said Jessie, looking archly at him, "and his gun, which he again pointed at me, when suddenly it changed into a wreath—like those on the curtains, you know; I had been examining them just before I fell asleep—and, as he wound it round me, in the effort to escape I awoke; but I was soon fast again, and had forgotten it entirely."

Her grandfather patted her on the cheek, exclaiming:

"Forgot it! No, no, I don't believe that. But there's no harm in a little coquetry. 'Tis only an agreeable spice, which, I daresay, you know how to use."

Cousin Henry coloured; but Jessie attached no significance to that, nor to the railery that excited it.

She was no coquette.

Indeed, so little was her nature adapted to affect or to conceal, that she hardly comprehended the word in its full extent, and replied to the charge only by a smile.

Master Henry, thus far rather unceremoniously introduced, has claims to a more particular notice.

He was the orphan and only grandson of Mr. Fanmuir.

Deprived of his parents from infancy, he had passed his life under his grandfather's roof; and it was generally supposed that Mr. Fanmuir intended to leave nearly all his large estate to him.

Good looks were his by inheritance.

To these he added good temper, unspoiled by his position; amiable manners, kindly feelings, and good natural abilities.

These last, however, had received little cultivation.

He had, indeed, been sent to college, for which he was indifferently prepared; but, with no habits or tastes fitting him to derive advantage from it, his grandfather wisely deemed that the exposure to his morals was greater than the benefit to his mind, and recalled him before the academic course was completed.

Hardy and fearless, his passion was country sports; and with such perseverance and success

did he pursue them, that they procured for him a reputation far more to his fancy than any honours a college could confer.

His grandfather saw his deficiencies with a lenient eye; not so much from an overweening indulgence, as from a pride that refused to admit them as such.

"Harry was a gentleman, every inch of him. Brave and generous; he couldn't be otherwise; 'twas in his blood; he would be a good master and landlord; had no vices; what great matter if he didn't like books? like a young Persian, he could ride, shoot, and tell the truth; and that was more than some youths could do, who were men before they were boys, and grew up without either childhood or manhood. Book-worms were not the most useful, people in the world. No; he had found out that to his sorrow!"

These and similar reflections served to reconcile the old gentleman to the inevitable.

Jessie had come like the olive-bearing dove, and, as such, found access to all hearts, especially her aunt's.

She had suffered much from the family breach, and received her niece with nearly a mother's love.

There was a striking resemblance between them, from the likeness they both bore to the same person—Mrs. Fanmuir.

They had also much of her character, but different phases of it.

Jessie reproduced her, frank, joyous, spirited, as when, in the words of her husband, she had "danced away his heart;" her daughter recalled her, when, after subduing his heart, her own had passed under the yoke.

Time had dealt keenly with Mrs. Fanmuir. In withdrawing some beauties, he had added others.

He had stolen the rose, but he had replaced it with a lily so perfect as seemed a fitter expression of her pure spirit.

Notwithstanding all difference of years and temperament, there soon appeared a happy adaptation between the aunt and niece.

The inward peace which spoke in Miss Fanmuir's face, her gentleness, her self-forgetfulness manifested in constant thought for others, her patience, her chastened cheerfulness, shed a tranquillising influence on the yet excited and sore spirit of Jessie, who, in turn, as her feelings gradually recovered, in good degree, their natural tone, gave animation and movement to the still waters of Miss Fanmuir's life.

While her aunt attended some domestic matters, Jessie sought her own amusement; and, wandering into the drawing-room, spied the piano that her grandfather had mentioned.

It was an antiquated instrument, but had been costly and handsome in its time; and, when she touched it, she was surprised to find its tone so good.

Turning over leaves and books of music, she found some which, though a little old-fashioned, bore testimony to her aunt's nice taste: Handel's "Water music," his much-admired "minuet in Ariadne," portions from other operas; and, among the songs, some in sentiment far exceeding those that had superseded them: Waller's beautiful lines, "Go, lovely Rose;" "The Rose had been wash'd, lately wash'd in a shower," and others of the same character.

From one of the books a loose leaf fell out, on which were the notes and words of a song in manuscript.

Her attention was attracted to it by an attempt to obliterate some writing on the margin, of which only a date, and "sent by," were visible.

The song touched a chord that vibrated in Jessie's, then particularly sympathetic on the subject of the tender passion; and, her imagination excited by the idea of mystery, she tried, girl-like, to solve it.

The paper was yellow with age, the ink pale, therefore both belonged to long ago. It must have been sent to Aunt Janet in days of "Auld lang syne."

"Yes; but had it any personal reference to herself, or to the giver?"

If not, why erase so carefully the name? Did

that express displeasure, or desire of concealment?"

Jessie could not satisfy herself; but she felt more than ever drawn to Aunt Janet by the fantastic idea thus conjured up. She tried the air; it was very tender, and she readily caught it.

When she returned to the parlour, where Miss Fannuir had remained, her aunt said, "You have been trying my long-forsaken piano, my dear, and have chanced on one of my old songs, I perceive."

Miss Fannuir's manner was so calm and unconscious that Jessie's little castle tumbled down.

"Dear me!" thought she, much disappointed; "then it was not a lover, after all!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Jessie loved to wander about the old house and explore its intricacies.

There was a large hall in the second story, but, as her room did not communicate with it, she had been some days at her grandfather's before she discovered that it contained several portraits.

Having found her way there, she was one morning endeavouring to spell out the originals through the lapse of time and changes of dress, when Mrs. Marley, the old housekeeper, crossed the hall, and as she courtesied, Jessie detained her.

"Stay, Mrs. Marley, and tell me about these pictures; and, first, who is this old lady in a black hood that covers all but her face, and with her hands crossed on her breast?"

"Oh, that is master's grandmother."

"Indeed! but why is this hole in one of the fingers?"

"That," said she, smiling, "is Master Harry's doings. When he first learnt to shoot with a bow and arrow, what must he do but take aim at the old lady's ring, and shot it through. Master was very angry; but dear me, miss! nobody could long be angry with Master Harry, and so when he cried, master gave him a crown to make it up."

"And then," said Jessie, laughing, "he shot again, I suppose?"

"No, no; no such thing, miss; master Harry is never the worse for kindness; whenever you want anything of Master Harry, coaxing is the way to get it."

"And who is this handsome lady, with a rich stomacher, and jewels in her hair?"

"Dear me, miss! don't you know? That is your own grandma."

"Is it, indeed? Well, I don't wonder grand-papa loved her so much," and Jessie looked tenderly and reverently on the sweet face that seemed to respond benignantly. "And this, though it looks so young, must be his likeness, is it not?"

"Yes, miss," and then, pointing to a very handsome boy dressed in Highland fashion, holding a hound in a leash, she continued: "Surely you recognise this, miss."

"No, no; I can only guess: perhaps 'tis Mr. Henry."

"Ah! yes, I thought you'd find him out," replied Mrs. Marley, with a significant smile.

"And this beautiful girl?" asked Jessie, un-mindful of the insinuation; "she seems not over fifteen; a bird is resting on her wrist, and she looks at it with almost a smile: what a lovely face!"

"Ah, miss!" exclaimed the housekeeper, triumphantly; "she was the loveliest young lady in the whole county—that is Miss Janet."

"I thought as much; and this, I suspect, must be my dear mother; for, though younger and prettier than I can remember her, there is still the same look that I so much love—better to me than all the beauty in the world. And this pretty lady, who is she? in what, I suppose, mamma means by a sack of pink silk with white robings, which I have heard her describe. She must be of another family; her eyes and

hair are very dark, and, though she has a fine colour, she is a brunette."

"She was Master Harry's mother."

"Poor woman!" sighed Jessie; "she died very young, did she not, Marley?"

"Yes, miss; that was a horrible time," replied the housekeeper, shuddering, and turning away as if going.

"Stay! don't go yet: here is another; but why does this green curtain hang over it? No, I can't reach it. You are so tall, Mrs. Marley, do you draw it for me."

"Bless me, miss, I daren't; master will never have it drawn."

"But why, then, let it hang here? Whose portrait is it?"

Mrs. Marley looked all round, as if unwilling to be overheard, and then said:

"I do not know certainly, miss, but I believe 'tis Master Henry's father."

"But why, then, covered?" persisted Jessie.

"Why, you must know, miss," replied the housekeeper, in an undertone, "some things happened before I came to live here. Master Henry was then a little child, and his parents were both dead. It is such a sorrowful story that no one cares to talk about it, and so, I suppose, they cover the picture."

"What story?" asked Jessie, much interested; "there is no objection to its being told, is there?"

"Oh, no, miss! there is no secret. I wonder you shouldn't know all about it, being in the family; but, I suppose, being agreeable, there was no use talking of it. Master Henry—for his name was Henry too—the father of this one, and his wife, lived here with the old gentleman, and he was much thought of, and his wife too. He was a great sportsman, like his son, but not so good-natured. He was, by all accounts, more passionate than the old gentleman!" added Mrs. Marley, with a look like a note of admiration. "Well, there lived in the neighbourhood a young farmer by the name of Donald. Now this man and Mr. Henry were quite friends, because Donald's mother had wet-nursed Mr. Henry; so they were foster-brothers, you know."

"But Mr. Henry had a proud, overbearing way, and Donald, too, was high-tempered; and it happened, unfortunately, that Mr. Henry's dogs got into Donald's corn fields. Henry complained, but Mr. Henry made very light of it. They did it again, and with a good deal of damage; and then Donald, instead of coming and stating his loss—for which he would have got compensation, of course—sent a threatening message that he would take the law of him, and kill his dogs if he ever caught them on his land again."

"Mr. Henry, at this, flew into a passion and sent back a fiery answer; and the next day went in that direction, just as if on purpose to dare the man. The dogs got in again, and this time attacked Donald's, upon which he rushed out with his gun to defend his property. He then, being terribly angry, met Mr. Henry, coming, as was afterward supposed, to call off his dogs; but this Donald did not understand, so he made straight at them and levelled his gun, when Mr. Henry caught his arm and a scuffle ensued."

At this moment a couple of men came up, but too late to prevent trouble, for the gun was discharged, and Mr. Henry fell. Donald ran off and hid himself, and Mr. Henry was placed on a litter and brought home. The first the family knew of it was seeing him borne into the house, bleeding and dying, and the first person to meet him was his poor young wife, then very near her time. She fainted, was seized with convulsions, and, after giving birth to her son, died within a few hours of her husband."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Jessie; "and what became of Donald?"

"Oh, the country was all alive about it! The quality took it up because, for all he was proud, yet he was so free-hearted and manly that everybody liked him. But, while they were searching for Donald, he came and surrendered

himself. He said he might as well die as live, for he should never have another happy day again; but he persisted in his innocence, and that the gun had gone off by accident. But it was said that he had used threats against Mr. Henry as well as the dogs; and the men who happened to be on the spot, when he was put on his trial, appeared against him; so he was convicted of murder!"

"Oh, horrible!" exclaimed Jessie; "and executed?"

(To be Continued.)

THE MYSTERY OF RAVENSWALD:

A TALE OF

THE FIRST CRUSADE.

CHAPTER XVII.

To be sure, Lionel had the knowledge to start with that the subject of marriage had been already broached to Mary, but that rendered his situation none the less delicate.

How should he approach her? How should he break the ice of that most sacred of all reserves—the reserve which Nature herself has drawn as a guard around the heart of the maiden?

"Do you hesitate, my son?" asked the knight of Wildberg, as the youth seemed to grow more and more restive and perplexed.

"No, no—I do not hesitate; but—it is so sudden! It is all so new and unexpected—I have seen so little of the lady; and, more than all else, I have done her a service, and thus won her gratitude. Will she not think me guilty of an unmanly and ungenerous deed if—"

"No!" broke in the veteran, impulsively. "Why are you conjuring up those ridiculous fancies? Do you not know that the lady has been informed of the principal facts in the case? What have you to fear? Come—be brave; be true; be true to yourself, and true to those whose hopes are centered in you. Shall I go and call the lady?"

"Yes—go. I will strive to redeem myself." And the knight left the apartment.

Lionel promised himself that he would have the whole matter arranged in his mind, and the language prepared with which he would open the address; but, after all, the lady made her appearance before he had got beyond the preliminary attempt to gain control of his emotions, so that his thoughts might flow freely.

He was still endeavouring to quell the tumult within when the door of the private refectory was opened, and the Red Knight appeared, leading Mary by the hand.

"Lionel," said the stout warrior, "the Lady Mary greets thee."

Then to the lady he said:

"My dear child, I am going to leave you here a while with my son. The sisters attend close at hand, and will answer your call. Master Lionel has something to say unto thee. I trust thou dost not fear him."

The maiden's answer, and her manner of giving it, gave our hero heart and courage. With one of her sweetest and most winning smiles she gazed first upon him and then upon the elder man, and then with true and genuine frankness, and with unmistakable joy, she answered:

"Fear him? Oh, no. It is not a great while since I looked upon him as the only friend I had in the world."

"Then I will leave you two together, and I wish you joy and peace."

Thus speaking, Sir Rudolf led the maiden to a seat, and then retired, closing the door behind him.

For a single instant a feeling came over the trembling youth which was almost parent to the wish that the floor would open at his feet and let him drop through to escape from the dreadful ordeal.

His heart was in his mouth, and his breath laboured and painful.

It was a case of absolute fright, such as all sensitive, fine-organised, nervous men must feel once in a lifetime.

It may be on the rostrum, before a gathered multitude, or it may be in a solitude, with only one other human being near.

It is a sad plight—one of momentary terror and agony.

But it could not endure long.

Luckily, Lionel's first clear thought was of the priceless blessing which had been thus held out to him.

Its possession would make life bright and joyous.

Its loss would—

Oh! he could not lose it.

He would not.

And this terrible thought, almost given to speech, broke the barrier, and loosened his tongue.

"Lady," he said, when he had sufficiently stilled the tumultuous throbbing of his heart, "I think if it had been given me to storm a stout castle, or lead a ferocious host, I could have leaped to the work with an alacrity that will not, I fear, mark my course on the present occasion."

He waited a while, as if for the maiden to speak.

But she did not, nor did she even return his look.

She had gazed upon him while he had been speaking.

But her eyes had dropped directly he ceased speaking.

"Dear lady," he continued, after a long and painful pause, "I hardly know how to speak—what to say. I find myself in a position—in a position—"

He broke down at this point, and the courage he fancied he had mustered was fast melting away.

A smile broke over the maiden's face, in which there was certainly a rather slight trace of mischief.

She had been told the story, and she had been told, furthermore, that she possessed the undivided love, fresh, pure, and ardent, of her affianced; and in this she had the advantage, for he had no means of knowing her sentiments for him.

Father Clement had told her of Lionel's rapturous avowal, so she had come to the interview armed with the happy knowledge.

"My dear, kind friend," she said, the smile all dying out save the significant twinkle of the bright, sparkling eyes, "I owe you too much—you have placed me too deeply in your debt—for me to suffer myself to become an incubus upon your spirits."

"Let not the wishes of others lead you to any course unpleasant to yourself. Take heart, Lionel, and look bravely up. Be sure I will not become a burden upon you. And now, if you would be free to make such report to our friends as would best please you, I will retire."

She had half arisen to her feet, when Lionel, with a quick, low cry, sprang forward, and sank down upon his knees before her. Like unto the soldier who has received the first blow in battle that fires his soul, and puts all thought of personal danger to flight, was our hero now moved.

His soul was aroused, and his tongue was to falter no again.

"Dear Lady—Mary—you know what has been told to me—what our parents did when we were prattling children. Oh, in this season of startling surprises and deep mysteries, I can believe that we are not deceived in this. Ay—I know that my own father is here to speak for

himself, and he hath bidden me to seek to know the promptings of your heart in this matter. Oh, I do not need to tell you how the intelligence fell upon me.

"Already had my heart gone out to you in love and worship. Already had I looked forward to a life that should be supremely happy, or aimless and empty to the end, as you might turn the balance in which my great love had cast my heart and soul. If you can return my love—if you can put your trust in me, having faith in my truth and devotion—if you can crown my life with the priceless jewel I crave—I shall believe that the angels are my friends and intercessors! Dear girl, I offer you my heart for now and for ever. Will you take it and give me yours in return?"

There was a perceptible fluttering of the girl's heart, made manifest by her voice, as she made reply, in a low, suppressed tone:

"Did the word which Father Clement conveyed to thee influence you in this?"

"How mean you, Mary?"

"Did his information awaken love in thy bosom?"

"His information awaken love?" repeated Lionel, as though the thought was too preposterous for consideration. "Oh, my soul, what a question! Look to thine own heart, Mary. Tell me—tell me truly—did you not know that I loved you? Had you not read it in my look—in my speech—in my eager, prayerful dwelling upon the music of thy dear lips? If thou hast compassion, tell me truly."

The maiden bent forward, and laid her head upon his shoulder, and her arm stole around his neck.

"Dear Lionel! My own true love! I will at least confess that I had loved thee, with all my heart, and with all my strength. Oh, blessed, blessed hour! I am thine for now and for evermore!"

"Thou art mine, and I am thine!" cried the happy youth. And he pressed the noble girl to his bosom, and held her there a long, long time.

Held her there through the blessed, rapture-laden moments, sacred to an emotion too deep for words—too blissful and glorified for the utterance of poor earthly speech—moments in the life of man that come but once, and can never come again.

They are the moments in which the new life is enthroned, and the crown of felicity assumed. There may be love again; the heart may once more be given away, and take to itself another object of affection; but that magic touch of the erotic divinity, which lifts the soul into realms of beatific bliss, and which came once in the morning of manhood, will not come again.

An hour later the Red Knight returned to the refectory, and when he entered, and found the youthful couple sitting, hand in hand, with the glorified light in their countenances, he knew that the contract of the other years, framed by the fathers, had now ratified by the children.

He sat down before them, and he knew there were many questions which they would like for him to answer.

He knew very well—he could see it in their looks—that they had been conversing upon the subject of the mystery which enshrouded both their lives; and it was no wonder that they should wish for light.

And then he told them what he had seen, and he asked them to wait.

"My children," he said, in conclusion, "when the end shall have come you will see and understand why I cannot speak at the present time. And the end shall come very soon. We have nothing to detain us here. As soon as possible we will make arrangements for our journey to the court of the emperor; and when we come this way again we will throw our banners to the breeze, and flaunt them in the face of Ravenswald."

A little while later Mary was back in her own quarters, with her head pillowed upon Miss Elfrida's faithful bosom, and the twain were weeping and smiling in unison over the story of Love.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE day was drawing towards its close when Mary returned to the convent, and before she went she was instructed that she might be called upon to set forth at any moment, and she had better hold herself in readiness; but she lightly and cheerfully replied that she was ready all the time.

They might call upon her at any hour of night or day, and she would respond in person.

She was very happy, and the movement that was to render her happy estate more secure should not be clogged through any want of promptness on her part.

The thought of visiting the imperial capital was pleasant.

There was anticipation of pleasure in the journey with Lionel—in the riding by his side, with his strong arm to support her, and his dear voice to make music in her ears—and in beholding other places, other scenes, and other nationalities; but, after all, it is doubtful if there was any consideration more weighty in her mind than that of being out from beneath the shadow of Ravenswald—of being free from the power of the dark tyrant who had made her later life so sad, and who had attempted to enslave her in a bond of misery for all the remainder of her days.

Once far away from that place, with its chilling influences and its ghostly mysteries, she could find heart for the new joy that had dawned upon her life.

In going from the abbey to the convent it was necessary to cross a broad court—a double court, in fact, divided through the middle by a high wall, one of the sections being flanked by a cloister of the latter.

Mary had passed through the arched gateway of this wall, and entered the court of the convent, when she was stopped by an old woman who put out her hand for charity. She was poorly dressed, decrepit, and bent, and while she spoke she pressed her hand hard upon her side, as though she had sharp pain there. Mary wore a small scrip at her side, and she had put her hand therein to feel for her purse, when one of the sisters came out, and put a stop to the begging, and to the bestowment of alms.

"She is not worthy, my fair daughter," said the nun, addressing Mary. "We detected her in falsehood of a grave and wicked character. Our gates are never closed to the needy and the suffering if they be worthy."

And then to the suppliant she added:

"Get thee hence, and come not again until thou hast performed just penance for thy crime. The truth would have served thee better. Be warned in season. It is never too late for honest and sincere repentance."

A look came upon the beggar's face which was frightful to behold.

But something more than the malevolence of the look startled our heroine.

With a quick movement she took a step backwards so as to obtain a fairer view of the grim features.

As she did so the woman turned upon her heel and hurried away.

She looked back once, just as she reached the wicket, where the porters waited to let her out.

In a moment more she was gone.

"Elfrida, who is that woman?" the lady demanded, in quick, eager tones, when the gate had been closed upon the receding form.

"Dear lady, I have seen that face somewhere, most surely, but where, or when, I cannot call to mind."

Of the nun Mary asked:

"How came she here? What did she want?"

"She came, as many others come, ostensibly to solicit charity, and she assured us that she was an utter stranger to this region; and that she had lost her way in the forest. To me she made the statement, and I should have given her not only food and clothing, but perhaps a small sum

of money, had not Sister Beatrice come up and recognised her as one whom she had seen many times before; and while Beatrice was telling her story Sister Prudence joined us, and recognised the impostor as one whom she had seen lurking near the outer wall at break of day this morning."

Mary's heart beat painfully when she heard this.

She asked that Sister Beatrice might be called.

When that person came, in answer to the summons, she asked her where she had seen the beggar-woman, and under what circumstances.

"I first met her in the little stone cot at the foot of the Adlernest," replied the nun, "and I think she is often there."

"Ay," cried Elfrida, with a gleam of intelligence, "I know her now, and I know not how I could have forgotten her; but she is disguised. That was not her own hair, I am very sure, and the garb has been borrowed. She is Zwisella, the Hag of the Adlernest, and mother of Tancred's evil-eyed sergeant, Dumbblitz!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Mary, with a sudden pallor, and a quivering of the nether lip, "it is Zwisella, and she has been sent hither by the grand duke. She is a spy! Heaven send that her machinations do not result in ill to me or mine!"

She stood with her hands clasped, and her head thrown back, gazing upon the wicket where the hag had disappeared, and after a little pause she added:

"It may have been Lionel that she sought. Good sister, you have seen the young man who has been this day liberated from Tancred's grasp?"

"I have not seen him, my daughter, but I know who he is," the nun answered.

"He must be warned."

At this point Elfrida offered a suggestion:

"Dear Mary, it is evident enough that Tancred has set a spy upon us—it may be one, and it may be more—they may seek to spy within these walls, and they may lie in watchful hiding outside. I think Father Clement should be informed at once."

"Bless you, dear girl," cried our heroine, gratefully, "your wit is quicker than mine. Ay—of course Father Clement must know; and he must not only look to everything within the cloister walls, but he must see that a survey is made on the outside. And, perhaps, the Red Knight—But Clement will tell him. We need only warn the good father."

This much Sister Beatrice promised to do, and, when she had started on her mission our lady and her maid moved on towards the cloister, beyond the beautiful pillars of which the Lady Abbess awaited them.

She had observed the gathering in the court, and she wished to know its meaning.

Lady Agatha went with the beautiful twain into the refectory, where the story was told, and at its conclusion our heroine could not repress the feelings of anxiety and alarm that grew upon her.

She had left the abbey in a state of happiness bordering on ecstasy, and now the light had gone, and it was growing dark all around her.

"I know not why it should be," she said, in answer to the cheerful assurance of the abbess, "but something tells me that there is danger. I feel it as I have felt the coming of the terrific storm from over the mountains. I have not seen; I have not heard; but I have felt it in every nerve of my body—the dull, dreary, stifling sensation, when the heart refuses its healthful pounding, and the breath is laboured. But I will try to be brave. I know I am among friends; and yet, alas! I cannot shut out the knowledge that the evil-minded and the wicked are close at hand, and that they are enemies who will not sleep while they can hope to conquer."

"Courage, my child," urged the superior, bending and kissing the maiden's cheek. "Thou hast more friends at hand than thou thinkest. Let not the discovery of the spy cast thee down. Still it were well to be cautious. Do not walk

abroad in the courts after the sun has set, for our walls are not absolutely impassable, and we know not what tricks the enemy may employ."

"Fear not that I shall expose myself needlessly, dear lady. I do not wish myself away from your kind and motherly care, but yet I pray that our departure may be hastened."

And in this she was very soon to be gratified, for a message arrived from Father Clement that she was to prepare for departure at once.

Sister Beatrice had hastened to the abbey with her message, and a consultation had been held, the result of which was, the determination upon a speedy setting forth upon the proposed journey.

After this Father Clement and the Red Knight went out together with a lantern, the knight wearing a monkish habit over his armour.

They were gone an hour, and when they returned they reported to the abbot that they had been able to discover nothing out of the way. They did not think the grand duke was moving in any effective manner.

The sending out of spies might have been simply for the purpose of informing himself concerning Mary's whereabouts.

Of course he would be apt, in time, to make a decided movement towards regaining possession of the lady's person, but, before that time arrived they would have her far away from Ravenswald, and beyond the confines of Swabia.

"I think," said old Walter, whose counsel was always valued in cases of emergency, "that we had better, if we are to start this night, set forth during the first or second watch; at all events, we should not wait until midnight is come and gone."

"Really," said the Red Chief, dubiously, but with the utmost respect, "I cannot see the pressing necessity of such hurry. I see not why any hour of the coming night may not answer. You do not apprehend that Tancred is preparing for meeting our party so soon?"

"I apprehend," replied Walter, "that Tancred will strain every nerve, and put forth every atom of strength. You do not attach so much importance to the presence of the spy as do I. Ah! I have known the man of old, and I know how wicked he can be. And—But, faith! methinks thou shouldst know all this much better than I can tell thee. The true point of departure is this: How much does Tancred suspect? If he has a suspicion of the truth, he will move heaven and earth if he can! I must still declare my belief that we had better get away before midnight."

"At all events," responded Wildberg, "we will be off as soon as we conveniently can. Let the lady Mary know that she may be required to start at any moment."

And the lady was informed, as we have seen. The sun had sunk behind the bold crest of the Adlernest, when there was an important arrival at the abbey—a man in the garb of an artisan, accompanied by two companion workmen, and a stout pack-horse.

This man, once seen, was not to be forgotten. He stood, in clean height, without the aid of soled sandals or sabots, almost seven feet, straight as an arrow, and muscular in proportion.

He was Hafenzell, the giant armourer of the Black Forest.

His forge was not far from Ravenswald, where, with the aid of half a score of assistants, he made most of the arms used in that section.

He was also a furrier, and in this last capacity had he come to the abbey on the present occasion.

The horses of the Red Knight and his followers were badly off in the matter of shoes, and one of the monks had been sent to request his presence for the purpose of remedying the evil.

Ordinarily he would answer no call to leave his forge professionally, but a summons from Red Rudolf of Wildberg had been quickly answered—that is, as quickly as possible.

He had not been at home when the messenger arrived, and a full hour was lost in this manner.

And then, before setting out for such work, he had to fashion a number of extra shoes, and this had consumed another hour.

The armourer met Sir Rudolf in the court, and the giant's greeting was warm and impulsive.

It was surely the meeting of old friends, and the look upon the artisan's face told plainly that his heart was in the grasp of friendship he gave.

But there was no time to waste in empty greetings.

Hafenzell and his men proceeded at once to the stables, where the iron shoes were unloaded from the packhorse, and the work of shoeing commenced.

These stables of the abbey, erected solely for the accommodation of travellers, at a time, as we have before remarked, when the abbey and monasteries, in the wild and mountainous regions, were the only houses of public entertainment, were located outside the walls of the cloister, on the side opposite the chapel.

There was a covered way leading from a wicket at the rear of the abbey court to the ostler's apartment, but horses, in going to and from the quarters, must go around an angle of the grand enclosure, upon the outside.

By this latter way Hafenzell led his pack-horse, unloading the iron shoes upon the sward at the entrance of the shed wherein the shoeing must be done.

There were twelve horses to be shod, but as two or three of the Red Knight's followers were handy at the work, and able to render assistance, the task was performed in a few hours.

The monks furnished good torches, and made themselves serviceable in various ways.

We left the Grand Duke Tancred, early in the morning of this day, stricken down without sense and being borne up from the dark crypt by his friends.

He was conveyed to his chamber, and the physician summoned, under whose ministrations he at length returned to life and consciousness.

It will be remembered that Tancred had not been struck with any deadly weapon, but had been seized by mighty hands, and hurled supine upon the pavement.

In the fall he had received a blow upon the back of the head, but his skull was thick and hard, and the injury was not serious.

As soon as he had recovered consciousness, and was able to stand and walk, and to think coherently, he swallowed a generous measure of wine, and then gave his attention to business.

Had he been alone in the fearful experience of the morning hour he might have allowed his superstition to place the ghostly interruption that had befallen him to the credit of disembodied spirits; but the lord of Wartenfels declared that he had seen a huge figure of human mould grasp the duke and hurl him to the pavement, and though the whole proceeding had been wonderful beyond explanation, yet he believed that strong men, alive and in the flesh, had done the work.

"At all events," he said, "I am sure living men were opposed to us, and that they were banded together for the saving of Master Lionel."

"Who could they have been?" demanded Tancred. He asked the question, perhaps, not so much for information as to hear his own theory seconded.

"Who should they be?" cried the baron, smiting his fist upon his knee, "but the monks of that grim old abbey! I tell you, Ravenswald, those meddling, canting, prayer-mumbling friars are our sworn enemies!"

Tancred gave utterance to a terrible oath and malediction.

"I have long both hated and feared them," he continued. "I not only believe that they would have come quickly to the assistance of



[LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.]

that youth upon the appearance of danger, but I also believe that they have means of secret entrance to the crypt, and to various other parts of the castle. The first abbey and the older keep of our castle were erected at the same time, and very likely the barons and the abbots were in collusion. They might have considered it for their mutual benefit to establish these means of intercommunication."

"Ay," added Wartenfels, "and all the sights you have seen, and the sounds you have heard, so ghostly and terrible, have been but the wicked machinations of those same monks."

The grand duke shook his head, and a shudder passed through his frame, shaking every limb.

"No!—ah, no!" he said, huskily. "No, Gerard, that cannot be. I have seen things which were not of earthly mould! They were more than ghostly. But let them pass. I hope I may never see them more."

A short silence followed this lugubrious speech, which was broken by Tancred, who cried out, with sudden energy:

"If those were the monks of Saint John who served us so scurvily in the crypt, they must have come with a purpose."

"Certainly," said the baron. "They came on purpose to perform the work which they did—to rescue our prisoner."

"Ay," cried the duke, grinding his teeth, and fiercely clutching his hands, "but how did they know he was in danger?"

Wartenfels started, and caught his breath.

"Ay," he responded. "How did they know? Tancred, either there are ghosts in reality within these walls, or we have a traitor among us! I believe in the traitor! Look at it. How else could information have gone out?"

The duke started from his seat, and paced several times to and fro across the room.

He finally stopped, and stood looking into the baron's face.

He was not what might be called angry; it was an ebullition of passion; but it was a mighty and all-absorbing wrath—a wrath such as the

old Greek poet would give to one of the outraged monarchs of Olympus.

"Wartenfels! there is a traitor in my castle, and it must be one whom I have trusted. Intelligence must have been conveyed to the abbey very shortly after sentence had been passed by our court, else the monks would not have had time for preparation; so it must have been by one who knew our decision. Have you suspicion of any one?"

The baron reflected a while before he answered, and when he spoke, his words were carefully selected.

"My lord there is one man whom you have trusted, and who has appeared to serve you with the utmost faithfulness, but who has yet to me betrayed signs of unrest under close watching. I have watched him until his eyes have fallen, and I have caught him watching you with an expression of countenance which was not indicative of love or good will."

"Will you speak his name?"

"He is a knight and a brave man—your lieutenant—Sir Kotzling!"

Tancred did not start, and the only visible sign of new feeling was that of deepening and more deadly wrath.

He approached a table, and touched a small hand-bell that stood thereon, and shortly afterwards his page appeared.

"Orville, bid Bertram and Cyprian to come hither. Do you know where they are?"

"No, my lord; but I can find them."

"Send them to me at once."

The page withdrew, and ere long afterwards the two henchmen appeared.

They still bore traces of their late fright, but did not appear to have suffered bodily harm.

The duke made sure that they were secure from eavesdroppers, and then spoke:

"Bertram, you were present—you and Cyprian—at the trial of young Lionel of Ortenberg. Sir Kotzling was also there. Did you see anything of that man afterwards—say at any time within an hour of the trial?"

The two men exchanged glances. It was Cyprian who answered:

"Perhaps I had better speak, my lord; and if I have not spoken before, it was because I knew not how far I had best meddle with a business which did not concern me. I knew that Sir Kotzling was your lieutenant, and far above me in rank, and I thought that he might have authority for what he did. But, my lord, this is what I saw:

"I had gone with Bertram to put the prisoner back under the bars. On my return I came down the great stairway, and when half way down I saw a man come out from the passage leading from the side court, and approach the doors of the great hall. I thought it strange and watched. The man was Sir Kotzling. He took a key from his pocket, and unlocked the small door, and opened it, and passed through. You know there is a wicket in one of the large doors. I hastened to that, and opened it without noise, and looked through; and I was just in time to see Kotzling, with a lantern in his hand, passing into the secret entrance to the crypt. Of course I know not whither he went. I only know that he went down into the crypt, and that he was gone over an hour. When he came back he came like a man afraid of his shadow, and glided away to his own apartments as quickly as he could."

Tancred listened to the end, offering no interruption during the narration, and asking no questions at its conclusion.

His face was very pale, and his teeth ground and grated fearfully.

"Cyprian—Bertram—go find Sir Kotzling. Allow him no speech with any human being. Arrest him, and place heavy bonds upon him, and lock him up in the deepest, strongest dungeon of our new keep! Do you understand?"

They both replied in the affirmative.

"Hasten, then, to the work, and let your lives be answerable for that man's safe and sure imprisonment!"

(To be Continued.)



[AMY'S THREAT.]

BOUND TO THE TRAWL.

By the Author of "Clylie Cranbourne," "The Golden Bowl," "Poor Loo," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

PERCY FAILS TO KEEP AN APPOINTMENT.

Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream. MOORE.

"Yes," stammered Katie, in some confusion, "I have just come—that is, I haven't been here long," feeling she scarcely knew what she was saying.

"And are you going to take up your residence here?" asked the young man, in an amused tone.

"No, I am waiting for your uncle, don't you know?" in a manner which still further added to Percy Rossburn's amusement, she was such a child, and seemed to think that everybody must know about what so closely concerned her.

"Another freak of my worthy uncle's," he mentally ejaculated; "that man is a veritable Don Quixote, he is sure to get into some ludicrous scrape one of these days."

Aloud he said:

"No, I didn't know you were coming to town, but it is unlike my uncle to keep a lady waiting; perhaps there was a mistake about the time."

"Oh, no, it isn't his fault," with animation. "I was to come by a slow train and lost it, and came by express; he won't expect me to arrive for three-quarters of an hour."

"And you will have to wait here all that time?"

"Of course," cheerfully; "I don't know anybody else in London but your uncle and you, and if I were to move away from here, I might miss him, and then what should I do?"

What, indeed!

The question startled Percy Rossburn as he never remembered anything of the kind to have touched him before.

He had an appointment to keep, and he never broke his engagements, particularly business ones, and the fairest and most seductive woman in London would have failed to detain him now.

But this girl was so innocent, so helpless, so fresh and sweet that he could not risk the chance of the terror, and Heaven only knew what, that might befall her, if through any mischance his uncle went to the wrong platform, met the wrong train, or, from any of a dozen causes missed her.

Could he have taken her with him, and sent for his relative to meet her, he could then have met those men who would be waiting at his chambers for him a quarter of an hour hence most easily, but this, on her account, was impossible, and after a momentary struggle, in which the remembrance of the girl in her own peaceful home as he first saw her came upon his mind, he determined to fail at the consultation he had promised to attend and stay with her till she was in safe hands.

Could Katie have known how much that act of kindness cost him in professional value and coin of the realm she would have been in no slight degree astonished, and would perhaps have judged his feelings for her to be far warmer and more personal than they really were.

For Percy was not in love with the girl.

In sober earnestness he respected her too much to entertain such a sentiment or idea towards her.

He would not have soiled her fair purity for all that the world could offer him.

But, to marry her, to make her his wife—a girl without position, family or wealth, the idea never seriously entered his mind for one moment.

Had they been at the opposite poles of the earth from each other they could not have been more completely divided; indeed so absolutely was this gulf marked in his mind, that he would

have scouted as insane the idea of danger to either or both of them.

And poor Katie!

She had revelled in dreams and romances all her life.

She never saw the incongruity of King Cophetua marrying the beggar girl.

For a woman to be good and true and pure, was, according to her creed, to be the equal of any king; by an odd combination of reading and reasoning the superiority of sex, in her mind, had superseded all other more social considerations, and she honestly believed that to a pure, noble-minded woman all men must admit their wealth and power and birth to be as nought.

Not that Katie was what is jeeringly termed "a stong-minded woman," pray do not think such a thing of her.

She did not even know of the existence of "The Shrieking Sisterhood;" she had only read and thought and reasoned for herself, and quite ignorant that other women had done the same and worked out strange results from the social problem, she, all unconscious of singularity, applied her own crude beliefs to the course and problem of everyday life in this bewildering nineteenth century.

Advancing from two such opposite standpoints what could be the result of friendly chat and social intercourse between this girl and man?

Happily, neither of them knew.

Starting from different regions of life and thought, by various routes, and arriving at this one spot at last, each was happily so ignorant of the other's antecedents both of thought and action, that they met and walked on blindly without one solitary idea, belief, or even taste in common, and yet drawn together by an invisible bond which each unresistingly yielded to.

"I think I had better stay with you till my uncle arrives," observed the young man, glancing around; "if he should miss you it would be awkward."

"Oh, yes, it would," with a frightened glance; "but I have the address I am to go to; it is

somewhere near his sister, Mrs. Garland's, I think."

"Mrs. Garland's," repeated Percy, reading the piece of paper she offered him; "are you going to stay at her house?"

"I don't think so, but I don't know," was the smiling reply. "Colonel Chartres in his letter said his sister and her daughters would be very kind to me, and the schoolmistress to whom I am to be assistant is very accomplished. I hope she will be kind too," with a wistful glance.

"Of course she will, and if she isn't, tell my uncle or let me know," returned Percy, sympathisingly. "And meanwhile," he added, "I am simply ravenous. I had breakfast at eight. I've been travelling or talking or smoking ever since. I shan't get dinner for another hour or two; come with me, Miss Katie, while I revise the inner man."

"But my boxes! And your uncle will come while I am away; you had better go without me."

"Nonsense! Porter, look after this lady's boxes. My uncle won't come before time, and if he does he can wait. The feminine mind I know always runs after tea at this hour of the day. You shall have your beverage, I shall have mine. This is the way."

With this he walked on, and she, though reluctant and doubtful, and not knowing if it was quite right to do so, followed him, or rather walked by his side.

When the cup of tea, cold joints, salad and bitter ale were placed before them, Katie, to her disgust, felt most unromantically hungry.

She had eaten nothing since breakfast, and being accustomed to a mid-day dinner had not failed to miss it, consequently without much persuasion she ate a substantial meal, feeling most decidedly invigorated after so doing.

But even she, with all her ignorance and inexperience, felt it was an odd thing to do to take tea, dinner, or luncheon, call it what one would, with a young man of whom she knew so little.

And she looked at Percy many times, wondering if she was not in a dream, when a glance at a clock in the refreshment room startled her.

"Oh, dear! It is ten minutes past time," she said, anxiously. "Colonel Chartres will be waiting, perhaps he will go away without me. What shall I do?"

"We'll go and look for him, and if he is not to be found, I will take you to Mrs. Garland's. You can trust yourself with me, can't you?"

"Of course I can," with dignity.

The question annoyed her, nevertheless.

Trust herself with him!

Had she not done so for the last three-quarters of an hour?

If there were any doubt on the subject why had he asked her to come with him?

She was angry; she scarcely knew at what; and she walked with her head far more erect than usual towards the platform.

There, to her relief, was Colonel Chartres, busily examining her luggage, asking questions and evidently anxious about her.

He looked surprised and scarcely pleased as his nephew approached, but when the latter explained the cause of his presence and said goodbye, the elder man's brow cleared, and he prepared to devote himself to the entertainment of his protégée.

"I am so sorry you have had to wait," he begins; "but we go to my sister's house, where you are to stay a day or two. Is this all your luggage?"

To all of which she answers, "Yes."

She is getting fatigued, and she wants to think and dream.

So they get into a cab and drive a long way.

Then into another train. Then into a cab again, till at last they pause before the door of a house that seems a palace compared with the one she has lived in at Great Barmouth.

Somewhat bewildered with all the strange things and people she has seen, Katie is led through the door of the house into the hall, and then into a room where there are several people seated.

Her companion said something, a stout middle-aged lady rose slowly from her low seat, advanced towards the lonely girl, spoke a few languid words to her and touched her hand indifferently.

Then a tall, beautiful girl—so she thought—bent her head languidly towards her, and seemed to say, though no sound could be heard:

"How do you do, Miss Jessop."

But even in that one formal glance Katie felt that she had met an enemy.

The next instant, however, her hand is warmly grasped, and the voice of a friend, though she has never heard it before, says:

"We seem quite like old friends from what your uncle has told me about you, dear. Let me take you to your room to get of these dusty things. Mamma, I am sure, will excuse you."

Then she is led away, and if the truth must be told, wishes herself secretly back in her uncle's cottage, within sound of the restless sea at Great Barmouth.

But this was not fighting the battle of life; this was not being heroic, and she yielded to Minnie Garland's suggestion so far as to indulge in a refreshing bath, and change the dress she had worn in travelling for one that her aunt had given her with great ceremony—a black silk made in no particular fashion, but that was her Sunday best.

"That is the dinner-bell," says Minnie, as a changing sound reaches them, then the two girls descend, Katie to take her place for the first time at a half-past seven o'clock dinner.

But she is not stupid or awkward, far, oddly enough, she forgets where she is, and her mind wanders off in a most reprehensible fashion to what Percy Rosburn said and thought and looked, little dreaming that if Amy Garland could have read what was then passing in her mind she would have hated her as only a vain, jealous and unscrupulous woman can hate.

CHAPTER XXII.

"I DON'T BELIEVE IT!"

Poet jealousy, that turnest love divine
To joyless dread, and makes the loving heart
With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed itself with self-consuming smart,
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.
Shakspeare.

DINNER is over; coffee has been handed round, and Colonel Chartres has joined the ladies in the drawing-room.

If the truth be told, two of them are fast asleep.

Mrs. Garland always indulges in an after-dinner nap, and Amy considers herself so bored and annoyed, that she has retired into a comfortable corner of a sofa, closed her eyes to express her disgust at and disapproval of the presence of "that young person," and after maintaining this position for a short time, has unintentionally fallen off into a deep sleep.

Indeed, but for Minnie Garland and her uncle, poor Katie would have felt sadly out of her element.

Mrs. Garland was not offensive, but she just ignored her presence, or if obliged to speak, treated her with cold civility.

Amy looked at her unfashionably cut garments in a critical manner, said but little except when she addressed her uncle, and seemed inexpressibly bored, either by the presence or absence of someone.

Fortunately for Katie she was too ignorant of the ways of the world to know that all this covert disdain was meant for her; she only knew that she liked Minnie very much, and was very grateful to her for her kindness and attention, but for all that her eyes brightened when Colonel Chartres came into the room.

He was her one link between her old life and the new; with him she could not feel shy or awkward or dull, and Amy Garland, starting up with the closing of the door, caught the look of confidence and affection that passed between the

middle-aged, even elderly, man and the girl, and drew her own scheming, sordid conclusions from it.

Katie had been looking over photographs, and Minnie had been telling her whom they represented, Colonel Chartres having joined the little group, when the drawing-room door opened, and in walked a tall, lanky, loose-jointed, fair, yet handsome young man, whose blue eyes fixed upon the visitor at once as though they had unexpectedly lighted upon a prize.

"My brother George," remarks Minnie, and the young man steps forward and is introduced, while the country girl thinks she should like him better if he possessed any other Christian name, for "George" also belonged to Crabtree, whom she believed to be a murderer.

The young man was very lively and amusing, however; he apologised for not being home to dinner, when in point of fact he had stayed away to avoid her, Amy having expressed her opinion that their uncle would pick up any fishing to come and sit at their table, knowing their mother could not refuse to receive anyone he brought.

So the young man had dined out as an evidence of his displeasure, and now, the first glance at Katie's face not only disarmed, but positively captivated him.

He was an impressionable young fellow to begin with, particularly so to the charms of the fairer sex, and Katie's face and figure were certainly enough to bewilder one whose head was more fairly and firmly balanced than was that of George Gasford.

The cause of his early return this evening was due to Percy Rosburn, whom he accidentally met in Fleet Street, and who was in no amiable frame of mind at having missed the important appointment to be in time for which he had hurried to town.

The young barrister had no exalted opinion of George Garland's judgment or discretion, but he was somebody to talk to, somebody with whom he could relieve his irritation by speaking of it, and though his observations were not very lucid, George, who went to dine with him, ascertained that a woman had been the cause of the vexation, also that she was the guest at his mother's house, whose presence had driven him from it.

"Is she pretty?" he asked, managing to control his eagerness.

"Some people may think so," was the reply, as he added, "But it was not her beauty that kept me."

George however did not believe this part of the story.

Then he remembered this odd guest was only to stay at his mother's house one night, so making an excuse as early as he decently could, he hurried home to The Willows to judge of Katie's beauty for himself.

He had not been in the same room with her ten minutes before George Garland decided he would be Percy Rosburn's rival in the favour of his uncle's protégée.

Of course he knew his decision was a piece of madness.

He had no money, neither had she, and anything short of matrimony must be out of the question, since his uncle had taken the girl under his care, but this being the case, the old gentleman might be inclined to provide for either or both of them, and beyond this, George was not a young man who troubled himself very much about to-morrow.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," was not only his precept but his practice, and thus, possessing unquestioning faith in the future, he invariably gave himself up to the enjoyment of the present.

Naturally, he joined the small group by the side table.

His uncle smiled upon him, for he also had noticed the studied coolness of the two elder women to the poor girl he had brought to them, and he was therefore glad of any recruit to his side of the house.

And Katie was soon amused with him, he was so bright and entertaining; even his conceit sat upon him well and gracefully, and she laughed

where otherwise she might have been inclined to be severe, and thus this last hour of the evening passed far more pleasantly than the two preceding it, and when Katie retired to rest for the night, she felt she had two friends in that household without counting the colonel.

"George, how could you make such an idiot of yourself?" asked Amy, sharply, as soon as he, their mother and herself were alone. "I can understand Minnie being such a soft idiot, she wants to get round our uncle, but for you to pay attention to such a girl, I'm disgusted."

"Are you?" with a yawn. "I'm afraid you'll have to get accustomed to the sensation," he went on, languidly, "for of course you as a woman think Miss Jessop particularly plain, while every man who looks upon her will consider she is perfectly lovely."

"All men are not such idiots as you, George," with spiteful emphasis.

"Perhaps not," in the same idle tone and languid manner; "but some of them do agree with me. There's uncle, for instance; he thinks her beautiful."

"Dah! what is his opinion worth? he would imagine the same of a kitchen maid."

"And Percy Rossburn, he—"

"Percy!" with incredulity.

"Yes, Percy, it was what I heard from him that made me come home so early."

"You said he admired her, and I don't believe it," rising to her feet and sweeping with her long train to the other side of the table.

"Say you'd rather not, not that you don't, my dear," was the mocking rejoinder. "You remember how a month ago," he went on, "you begged Percy as a favour to yourself to go with us to the Blakes."

"Well!" impatiently.

"And he didn't."

"No; he said he always put business before pleasure, and he had business to attend to."

"Of course; your company was not sufficiently attractive, therefore, business was a nice excuse."

"I don't believe it!"

"You've said that before, I don't want you to alter your opinion, why should I? but I must tell you that business didn't make Percy Rossburn its slave to-day; one of a first-class firm of solicitors with a client was waiting at his chambers for a consultation at 5.30 to-day, and though he knew it, he preferred idling the time away with Miss Katie Jessop. I don't blame him. I admire his taste; I should have done it myself, but you see what an elastic and convenient thing business may be converted into."

"It is impossible—past all belief; you are only saying this, George, to provoke me."

"Pon honour I'm not. Don't make an idiot of yourself about it, but if you've any doubt on the subject, ask her a few questions, she's innocent as a lamb, and find out if Percy didn't meet her at the railway station, and remain with her till uncle came; she'll answer you frankly enough. I don't suppose she even knows he admires her."

"Bah! she'd be vain enough to imagine that with far less cause than you say she has; but how do you know all this?"

"Percy told me himself."

"He did?"

"Yes. Of course he didn't say he was spoons on her, a fellow like him never admits that if he can help it; but he admires her, and so do I."

"You don't mean to say you are such an idiot, George?"

"You may call it what you like," was the easy going reply, "but you know she's fifty times handsomer than you, Amy, and you wouldn't think a man an idiot who fell in love with you."

"But she isn't a gentlewoman, and she hasn't any money."

"We are not particularly rich, and I'll sell my gentility for a fiver any day. But come, it's bed time; good-night. You may as well wish me success."

"I wish that girl had been buried in the deepest grave ever dug before she came here,"

hissed Amy between her set teeth, while her beautiful face seemed to be transformed into utter ugliness with rage and hate.

"In which case I should never have seen her, so I don't agree with you, and as to Percy, if I am in the running you need have no fear for him."

"I have no fear for or of anybody," with a disdainful toss of the head. "And as for this Miss Jessop," with a sneer, "I hope she will know her place and keep out of my way, or she will repent it."

"Why, Amy, what could you do?"

"What should I do if a noisome reptile stood in my way," she demanded, fiercely, her face all aflame with vindictive rage.

"Run from it, I'll swear," was the jibing retort.

"No; I should stamp upon and kill it," she hissed, "so have a care, George, how you lead this girl to thwart me."

"It strikes me, young lady, that you will be a fit candidate for a lunatic asylum if you go on like this," returned her brother, coolly; "at any rate it wouldn't take much to lock you up in one. Good-night."

And whistling he took up his candle and went off to bed, leaving his sister to meditate upon what he had told her, and try to weave terrible and impossible plots, in all of which poor Katie Jessop was to be the victim.

CHAPTER XXIII.

KATIE'S AMBITION.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

LONGFELLOW.

KATIE awoke the next morning, feeling the world strange, and for the first moment or two wondering what part of it she had opened her eyes upon.

Though by no means the best bedroom in Mrs. Garland's house, it was a very sumptuous apartment compared with the modest little crib in which, since she could remember, Katie had nightly slept.

The Arabian bedstead was of brass, the hangings and coverlet of crimson silk trimmed with gold colour, the curtains of the windows were of the same rich hues, while the couch at the foot of the bed, the round table, arm-chair, and footstool, made one almost forget it was a bedroom, though all the accessories of the toilette were provided.

"How nice it must be to be rich," thought the girl; "this spring mattress would make one sleep whether inclined to or not, and how nice to have such a beautiful room as this, to sit in and read and think."

So she mused for a time, enjoying the novel luxury around her; then she started up with almost a guilty feeling.

"Was this fighting the battle of life, and waging war upon idleness, ignorance, and incapacity?"

What said the verse that she had made her watchword?

Hope not that the way is smooth,
Dream not that the thorns are roses.

Was she not dreaming? Was she cutting her way through adverse hosts, and pushing onward without one backward glance, knowing that the powers of darkness were at her heels?

No, this was the beginning of the battle, and instead of buckling on her armour she was resting as though she were entitled to take it off.

With the thought she sprang out of bed, washed and dressed herself, her gown being a dark blue serge, suitable to the cold weather, and brightened by the one piece of cardinal ribbon that was tied round her neck under the plain, spotless linen collar which encircled her throat.

Very neat and plain and simple; inexpensive, too, as any dress could be, yet fitting her

girlish figure tightly, and contrasting with her clear, white skin, under which blue veins and a fleeting blush could so readily be seen, while her abundant dark brown hair, plaited and woven so tightly at the back of her head, made the simplicity of her appearance absolutely severe, and seemed to hide far more beauty than was allowed to be seen.

That, indeed, was one of Katie Jessop's great charms; there always seemed fresh beauties to be discovered in her person and character.

Exceedingly pretty she undoubtedly was; clever, modest, and amiable also, but it was the beauty of the bud, the promise which a flower just bursting gives of rare perfume, symmetry, and grace, and it was the curiosity as to what she would or might be, thus inspired, that made so many seek—perhaps love her.

This morning, all unconscious of the possibility of exciting admiration, and her toilette, which did not take long, being accomplished, Katie knelt down to pray earnestly for those she loved, to implore protection and guidance from Him who seeth in secret; then strengthened and refreshed, she got two or three books and writing materials from one of her boxes, and began to write to her aunt and uncle.

Two hours later, Minnie Garland, attired in a dressing-gown, tapped at her door, and walked in.

"What, dressed!" she exclaimed; "dear me, you have brought your country habits to town, and it's only now nine o'clock!"

"Yes, I know; I got up soon after six; what time do you have breakfast?"

"About half-past nine as a rule, but you are hungry; we none of us wait for the others here. I'll be dressed in a minute or two; uncle is sure to be down, but even he has learned not to wait."

True to her word, five minutes later Minnie was ready, and the two girls, who had already become fast friends, descended to the breakfast room.

She was right. Colonel Chartres was not only there before them, but had nearly finished his morning meal.

He received the two girls affectionately, evidently well pleased to find them on such good terms, and having seen them supplied with an abundance of everything to eat, began to talk about Katie's work and destination.

"I have made an appointment with Mrs. Chater, the vicar's wife, for half-past twelve, when we are to meet her at the schoolhouse; would you like to come with us, Minnie?"

"Yes; uncle; not that I care for Mrs. Chater; she is so vain, gives herself such airs, and interferes in everybody's business to the neglect of her own. I don't like to be severe, but you know it's true."

"Well, well, we can't make people just what we should like them to be," returned the colonel, who always disliked to hear a severe word about anyone. "Mrs. Chater does a great deal of good in her way; she has opportunities for doing good," he went on, "and having a private fortune, she has also more extended means for carrying out her benevolent ideas, so we must not find fault with her method of proceeding. If half the rich women in England would try to the utmost of their power to ameliorate the condition of the poor, ignorant, and vicious as she does, there would soon be a decided change for the better."

"But is money necessary to being able to do good?" asked Katie, dubiously, "because if so I shall be able to do nothing."

"Not necessary, but it is a great power particularly for doing good on a large scale; and there may be just this difference between Mrs. Chater and you, Katie, you can do good to a few individuals in the world, she, to as many hundreds."

Katie sighed, the prospect was disappointing. For a few minutes she ate her breakfast in silence; then she asked:

"Do you think that people who write books, and fill the daily papers and periodicals with their stories and poems and articles, have the power of doing a great deal of good?"

"Unquestionably; and a great deal of harm," was the quick reply.

"Before a man or woman sends forth anything into the world to be read by thousands of people," he went on, "that may be read lightly and yet determine the fate of a soul trembling upon the very brink of perdition, he or she should examine themselves first, and ask, 'Have I anything to say that the world will be the better for hearing; and, am I worthy to say it?' Answer those questions satisfactorily, then take up your pen if you have the power and brain to use it."

"Giving a lecture on the art of composition, uncle?" asked Amy, coming into the room with a disagreeable expression upon her face, and hatred and envy in her heart. "I hope Miss Jessop is not one of those objectionable, strong-minded females who go screaming on platforms and writing for papers. I think nothing can be more detestable."

Colonel Chartres' face flushed. Mild and gentle as he was, he had no liking for impertinence, and he said, severely for him:

"I don't think you are likely to become objectionable on that score, Amy, since only women with some talent and knowledge can pursue the profession you so freely condemn."

"Well, I'm sure, they're welcome to their talent!" with a sneer; "I don't envy them. What is there for breakfast, Min—ah, fish, and I detest it, and the coffee is cold, and the eggs hard, and the toast dry and sodden. I never saw such a house as this."

"Then you should get up and look after it," retorted George, who now came into the room. "Good morning, Miss Jessop," he continued; "you're looking as fresh as a rose; no need to ask how you are. Morning, uncle."

Then with a nod to Minnie, he seated himself at the table, and commenced to do ample justice to the fare which his sister had deposited.

"Got out of bed the wrong side this morning, Amy?" he inquired, with a grimace at his sister's cross-looking face; then, without waiting for a reply, he turned to his uncle and asked: "Are you going to take Miss Jessop to see any of the sights of London, uncle? I can get a private box for the Gaiety from my friend Smith, if you would like it."

At this Amy looked up quickly; George was not always so liberal in using any theatrical or literary interest he might possess for this purpose, and going to a theatre was next in delight to going to a ball to this young lady.

But Colonel Chartres quietly replied:

"Thank you; Katie leaves here this morning; I must take her and Minnie one evening to a theatre, but not just yet."

"You'll let me know when it is, won't you?" asked the young man of his sister some time later, "because I'll slip in and look after you."

Minnie nodded.

She was very fond of her brother; she was glad also that he was ready to pay any little attention to Katie, for the reception of the girl by her mother and sister had been painfully cool, as though they would impress upon her that she was simply there on sufferance, and she knew that her uncle would very gladly have asked his protégée to remain a week in their house, so that he could have taken her to see some of the lions of London, before she settled in her residence at the school-house, and went regularly into harness for work.

The invitation, or rather permission, for the girl to stay in her house more than one night Mrs. Garland, instigated by Amy, would not grant.

It was taking the girl out of her natural sphere in life, doing her a great deal of harm, and would make people think, too, that anybody might come to her house and associate with her daughters.

Arguments which, uttered by a woman to a man who has no legal control over her, makes him feel powerless, and however little he may like it, compels him to submit to the decree.

Thus Katie Jessop's visit to The Willows was not to be of twenty-four hours duration, and

soon after eleven o'clock, her boxes having been ordered to be taken on by the gardener, she, with the Colonel and Minnie as escort, started to walk to the house that was to be her home, and for some time, at least, the scene of her labours, disappointments and—, but we will leave the future to speak for itself.

In her case most certainly, "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

(To be Continued.)

A VALUABLE COAT.

A RICH Jew of Kestanlik, fearing a sudden advance of the Russians, during the Russo-Turkish War, concealed his valuables in the shape of jewels in the lining of his sheepskin coat, and laid it by ready for flight. When the moment did come, he took the wrong coat and did not discover his mistake until he got beyond Eski Saghra. It was too late to go back, so he wended his way melancholy to Adrianople, wandering about the streets, until one day by an odd chance he espied a Circassian riding with his coat on.

He followed that Circassian, fraternised with him, invited him to dinner, and admired his coat. Would he sell that coat? No, it was his loot! he would not part with it on any consideration. It was in vain the Jew urged him. At last he summoned the Circassian before the Pasha, and demanded his property. The Circassian defended himself.

"Is my coat to be taken away because a Jew says it is his? Where are his witnesses?"

The Pasha decided against the Jew, and the case was dismissed. The Circassian left the town and the Jew gave himself up to despair. A month passed, and to his joy he met the Circassian again, who said:

"I have got a better coat, and will now sell you the one you want," which he did, for three times its value. The Jew hurried home to get his treasure, but to his horror and amazement it was gone. The Circassian, suspecting something, had examined the coat and found the valuables.

JUST THE SAME.

RECENTLY a man, whose every look proved how hungry and penniless he was, halted before a stall at the Central Market, to let his mouth water for a while.

The woman knew his worth, and called out:

"Come, be jogging along! You won't get anything here unless you have the cash."

"My dear woman," he confidentially began, as he drew nearer, "I am not hungry; I just left the breakfast-table, after the heartiest meal I ever ate. I was not looking at your beautiful meat, your lovely cakes, or your rich and juicy pies, but at yourself."

"What are you looking at me for?"

"I was wondering," he said, "if you were any relation to Lady Clare. You have the same brown eyes, same beautiful hair—same sweet accent."

"I never knew her," replied the woman, as her face began to clear up.

"Didn't, eh? Well, I never saw two faces nearer alike in their sweet expression. I wish I had your portrait painted on ivory—I really wish I had."

She handed him half a pie and a piece of meat, and as he sauntered off she began hunting around for a piece of broken mirror.

It is the intention of a few young men of good family to purchase a site in Armenia, in the neighbourhood of Erzerum, to found a monastery in connection with the Church of England. It will occupy a similar position to the establishments of Fathers Ignatius and Nugee.

AMERICAN LADIES.

YEARS ago two American girls went to Rome, having every appearance of immense wealth, and armed with sundry influential letters of introduction. Their carriages, horses, servants, household establishment, their dresses, everything, was upon the most ostentatious and lavish style possible. Tradespeople grovelled at their feet; Roman nobles bowed before them.

These ladies were found a little eccentric in their manners; but what matters that when Croesus was their bankers, and their cheque-books duodecimos! Their great desire was to be presented at Court, a desire which, after a certain amount of trouble, was accomplished. Soon after that felicitous event, these Americans were made happy by an invitation to a Court ball.

The younger was introduced to the Crown Prince, who, afterwards finding himself near her, addressed her a few pleasant words. The American was sitting. She did not rise when Prince Humbert addressed her, but, pointing to a vacant chair beside her, she said:

"Won't you sit down, Prince, and rest your trotters awhile?"

That was the last court festivity at which these Americans have been seen. Since then Croesus seems to have gone into bankruptcy, and their duodecimo cheque-book to have turned out to be full of blank pages. The Roman prince, to whom the younger was supposed to be affianced, now worships at other shrines, and "Bella Americana" is totally forgotten.

WHALES.

WHALES are taken alive in the following manner: Large numbers of them are in the habit of making their way at certain seasons in quest of fresh water fish, up a little river or inlet on the coast of Labrador, where these latest captures have been made. A row of stakes is therefore driven at this period into the bed of the river at a considerable distance up stream. The whales are then pursued when returning to the sea, and, being alarmed at this barrier—for they are of a timid disposition—are easily held prisoners by the tail with long hooks. Here they are left, and at ebb-tide they are found stranded in the dry bed of the river.

A SNAKE IN A HORSE'S EYE.

THE Penn Yan "Express" of a recent date says:—"The horse with a snake in his eye was in town yesterday on exhibition at the stables of the Knapp House. The reptile is comfortably located in the watery humour of the left eye, is perfectly formed, of a white colour, and about the size of an ordinary darning needle. It is plainly visible, and is constantly on the move, wriggling and twisting in every direction.

Its presence does not seem to annoy the horse in the least, and has evidently created no inflammation in or about the eye. It has, however, changed the colour of the eyeball, which is of a lighter shade than that of the right eye, and has affected the sight somewhat. The snake was first discovered about two months ago, when it was much smaller than it is now. How it came in the horse's eye is a question which puzzles scientists."

A CONTRIVANCE is promised by one of the Genoa clock manufacturers, being nothing less than a clock which, by an application of Mr. Edison's phonograph, is made to shout in distinct tones. For instance, "Get up, Get up, Get up," or to make any other brief announcement, as a substitute for the customary bell or gong.

RAIN.

THE first water—how much it means! Seven-tenths of man himself is water. Seven-tenths of the human race rained down but yesterday! It is much more probable that Cæsar will flow out of a bung-hole than that any part of his remains will ever stop one. Our life is indeed a vapour, a breath, a little moisture condensed upon the pane. We carry ourselves as in a phial. Cleave the flesh, and how quickly we spill out!

Man begins as a fish, and he swims in a sea of vital fluids as long as his life lasts. His first food is milk; so is his last and all between. He can taste and assimilate and absorb nothing but liquids. The same is true throughout all organic nature. 'Tis water-power that makes every wheel move. Without this great solvent there is no life.

The tree and its fruit are like a sponge which the rains have filled. Through them and through all living bodies there goes on the commerce of vital growth, tiny vessels, fleets and succession of fleets, laden with material bound for distant shores, to build up and repair and restore the waste of the physical frame.

Then the rain means relaxation; the tension in Nature and in all her creatures is lessened. The trees drop their leaves, or let go their ripened fruit. The tree itself will fall in a still, damp day, when but yesterday it withstood a gale of wind. A moist south wind penetrates even the mind, and makes its grasp less tenacious.

It ought to take less to kill a man on a rainy day than on a clear. The direct support of the sun is withdrawn; life is under a cloud; a masculine mood gives place to something like a feminine. In this sense, rain is the grief, the weeping of Nature, the relief of a burdened or agonised heart. But tears from Nature's eyelids are always remedial, and prepare the way for brighter, purer skies.

As there has been so much controversy as to the best means of detecting a false diamond, the authority of Hugh Owen is worth quoting, who says that a fragment or splinter of sapphire, set in copper, as a test pencil, is the best instrument for proving diamonds. It will scratch all other stones, but will not mark the surface of a diamond.

ALL plans devised by the Treasury Department, at Washington, to put the new silver dollar into more general circulation, have failed to accomplish that object, and the treasury vaults are filled almost to their full capacity. The opinion is entertained that by the time Congress meets again there will be fully 15,000,000 dollars in the vaults.

THE INVISIBLE COMMODORE;

OR,

THE SECRETS OF THE MILL.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE crash did not seem any less sudden or terrible because it had been expected.

The bumping of the doomed schooner against the rocks by every wave that lifted it; the huge billows that drenched the whole rock in rapid succession; the darkness of the night, as made all the more intense in appearance by the unearthly glares evoked by the strife of the phosphorescent waters—all made up a scene of indescribable fury and horror, as well as of the deadliest peril.

"Quick, Mallet!" cried the false major—as

we will still call Captain Morrel—to his superior. "Those girls are being drowned in the cabin. We must get them out!"

The response of Mallet was equally urgent, as the two men sped in the direction indicated.

They found that the entrance, fortunately, was still fast.

Mallet cast a wild glance around, and pounded violently with a belaying pin upon the door.

"Are you there?" he called, in his loudest tones, between two of the giant assaults the regular surge was making.

The voice of Essie reached him faintly in response.

She was just within the entrance of the cabin, to which place she had instinctively flown, with Florence Clyde, at the instant when the ill-fated craft struck upon the rocks.

"Ready, now!" added Mallet.

The two men made a rapid dash into the companion-way, but the water was quicker than their movements.

They nevertheless managed to lay hold of the young ladies just as they were being swept away by the flood that poured into the cabin, and in a very few moments they had regained the deck with their fair prizes, had thrown themselves upon a huge piece of the forward deck that was just in the act of bursting clear of the hull, and had gone whirling away upon theseething billows.

For several minutes not a word was spoken.

The two men had all they could do to maintain themselves upon their improvised raft, as it plunged madly onwards, and at the same time to prevent the young ladies from being torn from their clutches.

"The land must be near us," cried Mallet at length, panting with his exertions. "The outlying reef on which the schooner struck is at no great distance from the northwest point of the island."

The false major essayed to respond, but his voice was lost in the terrific uproar of the elements.

Indeed, the fragment of deck to which they all clung was suddenly reversed by a towering billow, and the two men and the young ladies were completely whelmed in the sea.

But the false major struggled with a desperation equal to the occasion, to retain his hold of Essie and to recover possession of the improvised raft, and in both of the efforts he was successful.

But Captain Mallet and Miss Clyde were not so fortunate.

They were gone!

It was in vain that Essie and the false major both called to their friends.

No response was made to them—or at least none was heard; which was not at all to be wondered at, considering the tumult of near breakers, whose eddies and conflicting currents had doubtless had not a little to do with the convulsion by which the improvised raft had been capsized.

For a period which seemed an age—but which, probably did not exceed three minutes—the false major struggled desperately to maintain himself in possession of the raft and of Essie, and then the waters became calmer around him, as if he had been carried under the lee of some point of land, or behind some projecting reef or other natural breakwater. He drew a long breath of satisfaction.

"I—I think the worst is over," he ejaculated. "The water is smoother. Seems to me that I can detect the outlines of a woody shore just ahead of us."

Essie did not respond.

Indeed, she suddenly lay like a dead weight upon the arm of her protector.

"I see, you are tired out—and no wonder," exclaimed the false major, "Courage! We are safe!"

The girl did not answer.

The truth was, she had thought of her father—of Harry Clyde—of her separation from Miss Clyde—of all the unknown horrors and perils by which she herself and all dear to her were men-

naced, and it was only natural that her brain had reeled briefly with the load thus thrust upon it.

But new hope and life came rushing over her soul as she saw that the raft was in calmer water.

"Do—do you see anything of Miss Clyde?" she faltered, straining her eyes into the gloom around her.

"Nothing whatever!"

"I will call her."

She hastened to do so, screaming herself hoarse, and the false major joined her in this effort, but only a confused murmur of echoes answered.

"They are lost!" cried Essie, shuddering.

"Not necessarily," the false major hastened to assure her. "The sea around us was full of pieces of wreck at the moment when we upset. If Mallet and Miss Clyde were not able to recover their hold upon this particular piece, they were doubtless able to seize some other—"

"Then where are they?" asked Essie, still looking eagerly around.

"Oh, they may have drifted in some other direction," explained the false major, glibly, thrilling with joy at finding himself alone with the object of his affection. "It seems that we were in a sort of whirlpool back there, occasioned by the meeting of currents, and your friend may have been whirled out in some other direction. Let us hope that they are safe."

Springing into the water, which was every moment growing calmer, the false major exerted himself actively in bringing the piece of wreck in the direction in which he believed the island would be found.

At the end of a long pull, his feet came in contact with a sandy bottom, and he announced this discovery to his companion in a tone of the wildest joy and relief.

"We are indeed saved, then?" murmured Essie.

"Beyond all doubt."

The girl sighed deeply.

Saved for what?

A final effort brought the improvised raft into such shallow water that the false major had no difficulty in maintaining his footing, and he lost no time in gaining the shore, assisting Essie to land, and he even secured the piece of wreck as well as he could, with a vague impression that it might be serviceable in the future.

"Well, here we are," he muttered, as he assisted Essie to climb the shore beyond the reach of the waves, "merely in possession of our lives. But life is the great essential."

"Have you any idea where we are, sir?" asked Essie, sending a glance of inquiry up and down the lonely shore as well as she could in the profound darkness.

"Yes," averred the false major, after a moment of suspicious hesitation, "we are on one of the smaller islands of the Caribbean—Dolphin Island, in fact,—and which is at the same time one of the most beautiful and lonely. I don't suppose any human being has ever lived upon it, and I am sure that no ship ever comes here—except against the wishes of its owners, in some such way as we have come, Miss Essie."

"Then what hope is there of our rescue?"

"Not any—possibly."

Essie sighed still more profoundly.

The prospect of living in that lonely isle indefinitely with her terrible oppressor was an incubus for which language had no expression.

"But while there is life there is hope, of course," added the false major, assuming a cheerfulness of voice he was far from feeling when he thought of the circumstances under which he had left the pirates' retreat. "The first thing for us to do is to find a shelter against this terrific tempest. Pity we cannot start a fire, or find a hut or cave of some sort. Suppose we plunge into the interior a short distance to get out of this shower-bath?"

"As you please, sir," answered Essie. "But first let us call to Miss Clyde."

The false major assented to the proposal, but no response was made to all the calls of the couple, and it was with a sickening sense of

foreboding and pain that Essie relinquished the effort.

"Poor girl! she's drowned!" she murmured.

She sobbed convulsively.

As brief as was the time she had known Florence Clyde, she had learned to love her tenderly; so much goodness and good sense had Florence exhibited during the trying scenes they had passed together.

"Oh, we'll find her in the morning," said the false major. "Or, indeed, if I can find a sheltered place for you, I will go up the shore and look for her."

"Oh, go now, sir!" implored Essie.

"It would be useless. You can hardly see your hand before your face, Miss Morrow. Besides, you must be my first cure. There may be savages on the island—a band of those Caribs who are always on the move, or even a shipwrecked crew of some description, to say nothing of wild beasts. First to find a shelter, and then to do what I can for our friends. If you will take my hand, and allow me to guide you—"

"Lead on, sir—I will follow."

"Perhaps that will be as well, after all," commented the false major; "for if I tumbled over some precipice in this horrible darkness, you may be able to save yourself. So, here goes."

Within five minutes thereafter the couple had reached shelter under a tall cliff, to which the false major came as directly as if perfectly familiar with all his surroundings.

Indeed, Essie could not help saying:

"I think you have been here before."

"Yes, in my younger days," acknowledged the false major. Then he added abruptly: "What a change for the better!"

The wind still roared, to be sure, but far away and above them.

The waves still thundered, but its showers of spray could not reach this retired spot under the cliff.

"I never saw a Carib," resumed the major, "who could not make a fire in a moment by the friction of two pieces of dry wood. This trick has been duly taught me, of course, and if I can find the necessary materials—in any case there is no harm in trying."

He groped about in the bushes at the foot of the cliff until he had found the materials he wanted, and then he returned to the shelter of the cave and addressed himself earnestly to the job he had undertaken.

The "trick" did not seem an easy one, but it finally proved a success, and not long thereafter a brilliant blaze was illuminating the retreat.

"This is indeed a point gained," muttered the false major, as he extended his hands to the blaze. "You can now dry your clothes promptly, Miss Essie, and so avoid a possible attack of fever. Indeed, I will leave you in possession here, and hasten forth, torch in hand, not merely to look for our friends, but to kindle a beacon-fire towards the end of the island to show them where we all are, and to guide them to us."

"Oh, if you will!" cried Essie.

"I don't suppose you will be molested here in my absence," added the false major, "but here is a stout knife I will leave you, as a protection, and you can also help yourself to a club from the wood I have collected there in the corner. Besides, if anything should happen to you, you have only to call me loudly, as I do not propose to go far, and in no case shall remain long absent."

Helping himself liberally to glowing torches from the blaze, he went out into the night and tempest, taking his way in a direct line towards the scene of the shipwreck.

Arriving at a bare bluff overlooking the whole end of the island and its outlying reefs, he kindled a great fire, and danced around it like a maniac, not merely to dry his clothes, but to announce his whereabouts to his late companions.

Then he called and yelled with all the strength of his lungs, in the hope that they would hear him and respond; but not the least response was

made to him—not the least sign was given him of any living presence.

"Perhaps I can keep a torch burning even in this wind," he ejaculated, "and so look along the shore, especially at the point. At any rate, I will make the effort!"

He had been so fortunate as to secure some dry pieces of wood of a very resinous nature, and by keeping the flaming end towards the wind, he managed to prevent his torches from being extinguished.

With a torch in each hand, therefore, he scoured rapidly the whole point of the island.

The beach was strewn with pieces of wreck, and the outlying rocks fairly black with the timbers jammed among them.

He even encountered several dead bodies, two of which had been thrown high and dry upon the rock-fringed shore in such a battered state that they were barely recognisable as relics of humanity; and after discovering them he dismissed all hope of finding anyone living in that neighbourhood, knowing that every one of the unfortunates which had been carried directly ashore from the wrecked schooner had literally been dashed in pieces.

"Not a man of them has escaped!" he muttered. "We are alone!"

He contemplated a few moments the piles of wreck which had accumulated on the point, including various provisions, and then turned away, retracing his steps to the cavern.

"Even Mallet and Miss Clyde are drowned," he muttered. "Miss Essie and I are the sole survivors! Ah! it's a bad piece of business! But it might be worse," he suddenly added, with a chuckle. "Oh, yes—much worse! At least, I have the fair Essie in my clutches, and really this is the great essential of the moment! And there is none to molest us, or make us afraid—ha! ha!"

And for the first time since the crash of the wreck, a laugh escaped him!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE despair to which we left Harry Clyde was terrific.

He could scarcely have been more agitated at the death of our heroine than he was at learning that she had been carried off by his terrible double.

"The poor girl is lost to us for ever!" he cried in the first great shock of his discovery. "The pirate has a stout keel under his feet, and all the world before him! With all the millions of square miles of unknown lands and seas around us, where could we begin a search for him even if we had a ship at our disposal? And to think that we are adrift in these cockleshells, without food or water, and liable to be swamped by the first wave that strikes us! Oh this is too horrible for endurance!"

Death itself could not have seemed worse to our hero than the flood of grief that poured into his soul at that moment.

Perhaps it was fortunate that he had a number of instant and weighty distractions.

In the first place, his mother, Mrs. Clyde, was in a condition of mind bordering upon delirium at the thought that her daughter was being carried away into hopeless captivity by the remorseless Captain Mallet; and in the second place, the grief of Governor Morrow at the loss of Essie was scarcely less demonstrative than that of Mrs. Clyde.

Between the two Harry was at once recalled from his own great distress, and found his time and his thoughts sufficiently occupied in the attempt to offer some hope or suggestion that would lessen their sorrow.

This was the way in which he busied himself as he sent one of the boats adrift, and with the assistance of Tom Skeritt and Capt. Chuddley, rowed the other boat as swiftly as possible in the direction from which it had come, or back to the shelter of the land.

Once within the narrow channel leading to the pirates' retreat, the boat was directed to the shore, coming to a halt.

"We must now decide upon our course of action," suggested Harry, looking around upon his companions. "The first point in our case is, of course, that we are not going back to the hands of the pirates, if we can help it."

"No, my son," said Mrs. Clyde, dashing a flood of tears from her eyes, and speaking with the energy of a noble resolve, "we will die first!"

"And I," said Tom Skeritt.

"The truth is," said Gov. Morrow, with the thoughtfulness and courage demanded by the situation, "there are four or five of us, able-bodied men, and we ought to be able to work our way manfully out of the whole trouble. What do you suggest, major?"

"I suggest that we help ourselves to one of the pirate vessels lying in the harbour," responded Harry.

The proposition was received with a general murmur of approval.

"That is, of course, the only way in which we can put ourselves in a position to navigate," said Capt. Chuddley. "And while we are seizing a ship, we may as well recover the 'Alliance,' all other things being equal."

"We cannot secure a ship without a fight," suggested Governor Morrow, "and it will be well, therefore, to land Mrs. Clyde somewhere on these shores until we return from the proposed expedition, and so spare her the fatigue and peril."

He was interrupted by a gesture from Mrs. Clyde.

"If you please, Governor," she said, "you need not leave me behind. If I cannot assist a great deal in the proposed expedition, I can at least keep out of the way and take care of myself."

Harry thrilled with pride and affection as he pressed his mother's hand.

"You shall go with us, of course," he said. "I am not sure that you would be any safer if landed on any of these shores to wait for us. To say nothing of pirates, who may soon be buzzing hereabouts, if Mallet and his crew have really run away with the schooner—as I am convinced they have—there are plenty of caymans lying among these tall weeds and grasses, and Heaven only knows what other reptiles of like nature. Let's go on."

The proposition was acted upon.

Keeping in the centre of the narrow channel, the boat pulled silently past the fortifications by which the throat of the pirates' harbour was defended, and in due course the daring fugitives emerged into the harbour itself, whereupon they again came to a halt to reconnoitre.

Evidently there was trouble in the councils of the pirates.

Lights were flashing to and fro, alarm guns were being fired, and boats were moving rapidly upon the waters, near the head of the harbour, evidently passing to and fro between the different vessels, and between them and the shore.

"It is as I thought," said Harry, after watching these proceedings a few moments; "the leading pirates have run away with their booty, and the cheated rank and file are just awakening to the fact. I think now is our time to take a hand at the game. Let's go on until we see our way clearly. Perhaps the distress of the enemy will afford us an opportunity for business."

"At the worst we can retreat as we came," said Governor Morrow. "Let's take a close look at the pirates."

The boat resumed progress, advancing rapidly across the harbour, and placing itself boldly alongside one of the pirate schooners which had so recently arrived from a long cruise among the windward islands.

"There seems to be no one here," observed Harry, in a barely audible whisper. "Keep quiet a moment, while I investigate."

He climbed aboard the pirate, making a hurried survey of the deck, the fore-castle, and the cabin.

Nothing was seen of anyone.

The snoring of a solitary individual resounded from a berth in the fore-castle, but this fact only

added to the clearness of Harry's conception of the situation.

"That man was left here to keep the ship," he said to himself. "And that is how he keeps it."

He returned to his companions, hastily reporting the situation.

"The buzzing of the pirates is increasing," he concluded. "Large crowds of them are gathered on the deck of the 'Alliance.' They are evidently intending to go in quest of the fugitives! Yes, that's the case! They are heaving up the anchor."

The little party listened a few moments to the sounds of these proceedings, and then Harry resumed:

"Whatever may happen, or whatever we may eventually do, we may as well take possession of this schooner for the present. Reach me your hand, mother, and we'll soon have you aboard safely!"

The transfer was duly made, and Mrs. Clyde was conducted to the cabin, Harry whispering to her:

"We shall not need you just now, mother, and I want you to rest while you can!"

But the lady had hardly taken a seat when Harry came back to her.

"If you please, mother," he said, hurriedly; "we want your assistance. We cannot get up the anchor without you."

Mrs. Clyde hastened to follow him.

"You are going to sea, then?" she asked.

"Yes, mother. The 'Alliance' is already standing down the harbour, and it has occurred to us that this is a good occasion to prove the truth of the old proverb: 'Where there is room for one there is room for two.' In a word, as the 'Alliance' has taken this course, those aboard of her will suppose that we are also pirates, bound on the same business as themselves, and hence we are in a fair way of getting off with the schooner without so much as firing a gun."

Mrs. Clyde comprehended, and at once hastened to join her friends in their attempt to raise the anchor.

Thanks to the assistance she afforded, the job was quickly accomplished.

"You have thus spared us the necessity of shipping our cable, mother," said Harry, "and that is a result about which we were all anxious. We can now go to sea fully equipped."

"Except that there are very few supplies aboard, the schooner having just returned from a long cruise," suggested Chuddley. "But that is a drawback of the future rather than of the present. We are off!"

The schooner had indeed begun to move seaward under the sails the active hands of our friends were already spreading to the breeze, and Harry hastened to assume the office of pilot, leaving to Captain Chuddley the command, which came so naturally to him.

At this moment the schooner's late "keeper" appeared, taking note of the scene, and at once dashed overboard into the boat alongside and fled, leaving Harry to explain the proceedings.

Sinking to her knees, near Harry, Mrs. Clyde rapidly poured out her thanks to heaven for the marked favour of which our little band of fugitives was visibly the object. Her good sense had told her that the first great success of the hour had been won!

Indeed, the schooner was now fairly under way, and every moment gathering additional speed.

Her impromptu crew soon found themselves hailed by the occupants of a number of boats which had come off too late to reach the Alliance and who demanded to be taken aboard the schooner, thus attesting that they had not the remotest suspicion of the real identity of the parties in possession.

Of course, no attention was paid to these requests, and this conduct provoked a volley of oaths from the enraged pirates, which was followed by several shots from their muskets and pistols, but all the notice our friends took of these demonstrations was to crowd sail and press on faster than ever.

"If nothing happens now, in passing the forts,

mother," said Harry, as Mrs. Clyde seated herself on the deck beside him, "we can count upon an instant and safe departure. My only regret is that we are going to plunge at once into a tempest."

"Let it blow," said Mrs. Clyde. "I shall not care how hard, so long as every moment is bringing us nearer to Florence. Oh, my child! my poor child! where is she at this moment?"

"Let us hope that we shall soon effect her rescue," said Harry, thinking also of Essie, as soon as he could trust his voice to reply. "And this good start may at least be taken as the promise of such a deliverance."

The next few minutes were full of terrible anxieties, as a couple of boats were seen pushing out from the fortifications, and it was apprehended that a few such unwelcome visitors might demand to be received aboard the schooner, but fortunately there was room for all of them aboard of the "Alliance," which was so far in advance of the schooner as to betray its whereabouts only by its lights. As good luck would have it, therefore, the schooner reached the sea without being impeded or endangered, and very hearty were the rejoicings and congratulations that followed.

"The crew is rather small for such a craft, to be sure," said Chuddley, cheerily, after he had reduced sail to the necessary close-reefed foresail; "but by putting you all into one watch and bearing a hand with you, I shall be able to get along even in a tempest. But you, Mrs. Clyde—you must really consent to seek refuge in the cabin."

"You can do us no good here, and we shall all have to look to you for our breakfast and for all the supplies of the voyage. You see, therefore, that you have a well-defined sphere of action, and you must gather such strength as you can for the work before you!"

"But tell me first what course you are going to steer, Captain Chuddley," returned Mrs. Clyde.

"Why, there is only one course I can steer in this gale," declared Chuddley—"the course Mallet has taken. He has laid his course before the wind to the eastward, and it is the simplest duty of our position to follow his example. I only hope that we shall find ourselves near him in the morning!"

Mrs. Clyde consented to beat a retreat, the more especially as Governor Morrow acceded to the representations of Harry and Chuddley to the like effect, and in due course the deck was left to our hero, to the commander, and to Tom Skeritt.

It was a small crew, as Chuddley had mentioned, but it was a fact of no little importance in such an emergency that they were all experienced seamen.

"She seems sound as a nut, major," said Chuddley, after he had sounded the pumps for the third time; "and if we don't fetch up upon some reef or island before daylight, I do not apprehend the least trouble from the storm."

We need not pause upon the events of the long and tempestuous night that succeeded. Suffice it to say that all went well, and that the dawn of a new day found the schooner as staunch as ever.

It was a great regret, however, to every member of the little party that no sign was seen of the pirate vessel, and the course for the day was discussed with some misgivings and hesitations.

"We may not be on the course the pirate has taken," concluded Harry, at the end of a long discussion, "but we cannot do better than stick to it. We are keeping away before the wind, just as the pirate would naturally do, and I daresay that we shall reach the same destination. In any case, so long as the wind remains as it is, we must go on as we are going!"

The whole day was consumed in the way thus foreshadowed, without serious drawbacks, but it was with positive anxieties that the weary navigators saw a stormy night again spreading its mantle around them.

"We ought to lie to, not knowing what seas we are in," said Chuddley to Harry, when night had fully set in, as thick as Egyptian darkness,

"But it is as dangerous to lie to as to run at hazard."

The schooner went on, therefore, until a late hour of the night, when it suddenly dashed into an island that chanced to lie precisely in its course.

In an instant the schooner was a total wreck, the masts tumbling out of her, the sea making a clean breach over her, and the hull beginning at once to pound itself to pieces upon the rocks into the midst of which it had plunged.

Fortunately the after half of the schooner hung together long enough for our unfortunate friends to await the new day aboard of her. They then saw that the island was a mere reef, scarcely a mile in diameter, with half a dozen trees, and with no living object upon it. But as the after half of the schooner was now yielding to the fury of the waves, they were obliged to make their way as they could to the shore, and it was even accounted a mercy that this transfer was made without any other injury than a number of severe bruises.

But what a disaster!

They had brought up upon a mere rock in some unknown sea, and the object that lay so near to their hearts—the rescue of Essie and Florence—had received an indefinite adjournment.

It was no wonder that they all paced the lone shore in a mood not far removed from despair!

(To be Continued.)

MOTHS IN CARPETS.

THE carpet moth makes his favourite home about the bindings and corners of the carpet. If this is an ingrain of three-ply fabric, successful war may be waged on him by wringing a cloth out of hot water, laying it over the bindings and edges, and ironing with as hot an iron as can be used without scorching. This will destroy both the moths and their eggs, and after a few such visitations they disappear.

But this steaming and ironing process is not effectual with Wiltons, Moquettes, or any heavy carpetings. The heat cannot thoroughly penetrate them, and ironing injures the pile of the velvet. Still, it is best to draw the tracks occasionally, and lay the edge of the carpet over—one side only, or a part of a side, at a time—and steam and iron it on the wrong side.

Then, beside this, the floor should be wiped as far under as the arm will reach with a cloth wrung out of strong and hot Cayenne tea; and before re-nailing, the binding and edge of the carpet should also be wiped with it, rubbing them hard. Some have recommended sprinkling salt around the sides of the room before nailing down the carpet, but we should think this objectionable, as the salt absorbs moisture from the air, and may thus cause too much dampness.

TWOPENCE is not a large sum to get a young man into the Christian ministry, certainly. One of the so-called "religious" papers is circulating handbills announcing: "Wanted, each of the 120,000 readers of the ——— to contribute twopence to enable a young man to enter the Christian ministry." But if he should not turn out an ornament? It is a great speculation, and upon the whole, twopence is a great deal to risk on it.

A LIBERATIONIST'S WILL.—The will of Mr. Jacob Yellowby Powell, of Streatham, has been proved under £160,000 personality. The testator was a bitterly hostile Nonconformist. He not only leaves £5,000 to the Liberation Society, but appends as a condition of a bequest of £20,000 between two nieces, that if either of them marry a minister of the Established Church, or any officer in the army, her share shall be forfeited, and distributed between the Liberation Society and ten charitable societies named in the will.



[HE LOVES ME NOT.]

LILLY'S MISTAKE.

LILLY VANE—little Ella Raymond's pretty governess—stood in the sweet rose-garden of Raymond Villa, her soft brown eyes heavy with unshed tears, her white fingers nervously and almost unconsciously pulling a rose to pieces.

She was not trying poor Gretchen's spell—there was no need of that.

Too surely the sad refrain seemed echoing in her heart:

"He loves me not! He loves me not!"

Had not his sister, scarcely half an hour ago, spoken of his approaching marriage with some rich and fashionable belle?

And he had laughed gaily, and certainly not denied it.

It was this that had driven Lilly so hastily from the luncheon table.

"Let us walk in the garden a while, Ella," she had said.

And, oh, how rebelliously her heart had bounded as she caught Miss Janet Raymond's approving glance.

"So discreet and becoming in the governess to retire," her hurt pride suggested, bitterly. "And what am I in her eyes but just 'the governess,' and in his but just a poor and rather pretty girl, whom he employs to educate his niece, and with whose too evident partiality for himself he condescends to amuse an idle hour,

while all the time his serious affections and vows are given to this bride-elect, of whose very existence I did not even dream. And I have believed him all that was good and noble! I have betrayed my love to him—oh, shame! shame!"

Her hands went up to her hot, crimson cheeks.

"I will never willingly look upon his face again," she resolved, impetuously. "The sight of what he has made me suffer shall never gratify his heartless vanity. To-day he leaves home, to be absent several days, and when he returns I shall have gone."

A well-known voice and merry laugh startled her.

"Come, Ella," she cried, nervously, "it is time we were in the schoolroom. Come!"

But Ella rebelled.

"Here comes Uncle Ed., Miss Vane," said she. "Please let me say good-bye to him first; I want him to bring me a present from London. May I stay?"

But there was no answer.

The governess had disappeared.

Ten minutes later, as Miss Vane lay on her bed, with her face hidden in the pillow, a light tap sounded on the door.

"Come in," she said.

Little Ella entered.

"What's the matter," she said, wondering. "Please come down into the garden again, Miss Vane. Uncle Ed. wants to see you."

Lilly raised a white face from the pillows.

"I cannot!" she said, excitedly. "My head aches so. Tell him, Ella, he must please excuse me."

Then, when the child had gone:

"How dare he send for me? He, Miss Ransome's lover! Never will I see his face again—oh, never! never! never!"

Suddenly there came the sound of wheels driving from the gate.

She sprang from the bed to the window and looked out.

"He is going! Going without a word, and I shall see him no more!"

In her excitement she leaned forward at the very moment that Edwin Raymond looked up at her window.

He saw the eager, lily-white face, the parted lips, and star-like, tearful eyes.

His heart beat joyously at the happy certainty that love for him had called forth that tear at parting.

He bowed low, and threw her a beaming look of love.

"My Rose!" he murmured low, as he drove away; "why would she not come down to say good-bye? As coy as a little bird she is, my sweet one. If I dared to miss the train she should not have put me off so easily—such an idiot as I was to let Janet's talk detain me so long with that ridiculous sea-side gossip of hers. Miss Ransome, indeed! No, no, sister Janet—no Miss Ransome for me, but Lilly—my own sweet Lilly. I would told Janet so had I not been going away to-day. Lilly's position might have been rendered unpleasant in my absence; but in three days, when I return, the world shall know who is to be my wife right speedily. My little, darling girl! why would she not come down to say good-bye?"

And thus happily musing, the unconscious lover drove merrily towards the station, never once dreaming of the unfortunate misconception that had arisen in Lilly's mind, and which threatened not only destruction to his own bright hopes, but heart-ache and bitter sorrow to the girl he so truly loved.

"And so you've give up your situation and come home," said kind, motherly old Mrs. Briery, gazing wistfully over the tops of her spectacles into Lilly's sad, fair young face. "And that just two days after the gentleman told you he wanted to marry you! Well, well, well, well, to be sure!"

And she sighed heavily and shook her head as if it was full of misgivings.

"He didn't speak of marriage," said Lilly, blushing red; "there was scarcely time for that when we were interrupted. I did not see him again until next day at luncheon, when Miss Janet received her letter—"

"From Southwood," went on Mrs. Briery, nodding gravely, with the air of a female judge. "Telling her as how the folks there coupled his name with Miss Ransome's, and said they two was engaged! Why, there's nothing in that but gossip, my dear, nothing."

"He didn't contradict it, nurse. He only laughed."

"How do you know? You got up and left the room, you know; and you wouldn't go down to bid him good-bye, either. What was the message the little girl brought with the roses, Lilly?"

"I had rushed to the window to see him go, knowing that I should see him no more in this world, perhaps, and Ella came in with some lovely red roses."

"Uncle sends these, with 'Au revoir,'" she said. "You are to smell them and think of what he told you last night, and they'll make your headache better."

"And that was all."

She dropped on her knees beside Mrs. Briery's chair, and hid her face against that lady's capacious bosom.

"I have not been quite so hasty as you think. I had proof, nurse; don't blame me too much for what I'm going to confess. The letter lay open on Miss Janet's work-basket that evening.

I never touched it, but I leaned over and read the few lines that lay uppermost. They were these:

"MISS RANSOME herself told me that her marriage would take place in the fall. I believe she expects a visit from your brother some time to-morrow."

"And, nurse, it is to Southwood he has gone, and on the very day she was to expect him."

Mrs. Brierly took off her spectacles hurriedly, and rubbed her nose with them in an absent and puzzled manner.

"I'm afraid," she murmured: "perhaps, my dear, it was best you came away. Anyway," with sudden acuteness, "what did you do with the roses?"

Lilly's dark eyes fell.

She hesitated and changed colour.

"I threw the roses away," she said, slowly and with embarrassment.

But that night, alone in her room, she took from a little box three withered roses, and pressed them to her lips.

"I threw them away in anger," she sobbed, "but took them back again. Oh, that I could take back the love they were the emblems of! Oh, that I could!"

The summer and fall were over and gone, and winter's turbulent reign was nearly over.

Old Robert Leslie, not many months returned from an almost lifelong residence in India, shuddered as he sat in his luxurious wraps and furs by the side of his sea-coal fire.

"These February fogs and chills will be the death of me," he muttered. "Catch me passing another winter in this miserable climate. What could have possessed the child to wish to remain here, when France or Italy were offered for her choice, and she has, as yet, seen neither? Well, well, I have given in to Pet this time, but in future Pet must just give in to me, as far as the choice of winter residence is concerned, at least. I'll settle this business of my will, though, at once, for I'm old—I'm old. Where can Raymond be, I wonder? He should be here by this time."

Edwin Raymond, Esq., the wealthy and influential lawyer, was even then puzzling over the eccentric letter which had that morning reached him.

"Knew my father well, and loved my mother in her girlhood's days; has lived, and will die, a bachelor for her sake; never saw her after her marriage; but is resolute now that none but her son shall draw up his will for him; had meant to leave the bulk of his property to me;—why, he has never seen me!—but has recently concluded that his adopted child (and niece) has a better claim."

"Well, I should think so! 'The young lady is beautiful and amiable, and her heart is free.' Now, how can he know? Perhaps, as he learns I am still unmarried, some arrangement might be effected whereby both might share his wealth. I am invited to call this evening, take dinner with them, meet the young lady, &c., &c."

He fell into a brown study for about ten minutes, at the end of which time he roused himself.

"I'll go," he resolved, "if only to meet this eccentric old man, who was my father's friend and my poor mother's faithful though rejected lover."

And he did. The two men sat together, sociably chatting.

Raymond told Robert Leslie the story of his strangely disappointed love. This old man, so affectionately disposed towards himself, won all his confidence.

"A bitter blow it was when I came home and found her gone, without one word. I shall never love again," he said.

"Oh, yes you will," cried Mr. Leslie, cheerily. "Wait until you see my little Pet. Well, it was strange, the way she came to me. I had an only sister years ago, before I went to India.

She married, and what with long distance and the lapse of years, we ceased to correspond, and I lost sight of her.

"Coming home last spring, tired and wealthy, and yearning to pass my last years in my own land, and with someone of my own blood near me, I sought her long and earnestly, but in vain. She had died, I learned, and her husband also; and of their three children, only one had lived—a girl.

"This girl I could not trace. What had become of the lonely creature, orphaned and poor, none could tell. It weighed upon my mind, it tortured me night and day, this longing to find this one creature of my blood, my sister's child.

"But money and skill were alike useless. Spring wore away, summer was far advanced, and at last I quite despaired of ever finding my niece alive. Poor and unfriended, she had died, I thought, and all my wealth had had no power to save or comfort her. It was a bitter thought.

"I was living at that time in the house of a very worthy woman, not a stylish lodging at all, but homelike and comfortable. I had not been feeling well for several days—disappointment, depression of spirits, and a heavy cold had pulled me down, and my meals were sent up to my room.

"Usually the landlady waited on me herself, but one morning I was surprised by a very different sort of handmaid—a pretty, dark-eyed creature, quiet and sad. Something in her voice and in her earnest eyes reminded me of my dead sister.

"I asked her name—her history. Will you believe it? Here was my long sought-for niece, who had thus come to me unconsciously and of her own accord, just as I was learning to think of her as lost for ever!

"You shall see her, and if you don't pronounce her charming, I'm no judge." He rang the bell. "John," said he to the servant who answered it, "request Miss Leslie to step down here for a few minutes before dinner. Say I want to see her."

Edwin Raymond had listened to the story with a singular interest.

Even so had he sought vainly for a lost one, but alas! with no such fortunate result. Even so might his poor Lilly be wandering somewhere, friendless and sorrowful.

He felt an involuntary interest in the girl he was about to see, and turned almost eagerly towards the door as it opened, and—Lilly Vane stood on the threshold!

Overwhelmed with surprise, he started back; but she, not observing him, went up to her uncle and kissed him.

"You sent for me, uncle," said the old sweet voice that had made the music of Edwin Raymond's heart six months ago.

He noticed now a ring of sadness in the gentle tones.

"To introduce you to a friend of mine, my dear. This is Mr. Edwin Raymond. Mr. Raymond, this—"

"He got no further, for Lilly had uttered a strange, low cry, and now, with a face white as her namesake flower, clung to his arm almost wildly; but only for a moment. The next she had controlled herself, and bowed.

"You took me somewhat by surprise," she said, tremulously. "I have met Mr. Raymond before, uncle." After a moment's hesitation she gave Edwin her little, trembling hand, which he took and held eagerly. "Little Ella is well, I hope?" she went on; "and your sister—and—your wife?"

"My wife!" He let go her hand in his surprise. "My wife!"

"Certainly!" She raised her head with a little haughty movement, and flashed a glance of scornful reproach upon him. "Did you suppose I was ignorant of your engagement? It is true, I have seen no mention of the wedding in the papers; but Miss Janet's letter stated Miss Ransome would be married in the fall."

"But not to me! Good heavens! what strange misapprehension is this? Not married to me, Lilly! I have known but one woman

whom I ever wished to call my wife, and she fled from me and almost broke my heart! Miss Ransome was married last fall, and I, as her lawyer, drew up the marriage settlements; that was the business that took me to Southwood. Oh, Lilly! Lilly! Was it for this you left me? Child! child! how you have made me suffer!"

He turned away, but her little hand was laid upon his arm entreatingly.

"Forgive me," she whispered, weeping, as he clasped her to his breast. "I have been wrong, jealous, too hasty, but oh! I have suffered too!"

And then they remembered Mr. Leslie; and turning, in some confusion, to explain the affair to him, found that the considerate old gentleman had spared them the embarrassment of a witness by quietly slipping from the room.

They followed him to the drawing-room, where he met them with a beaming face and outstretched hands.

"I understand it all," he said; "no explanations necessary. Mrs. Brierly told me about Lilly's jealous fancy, and my own inquiries discovered all the rest. You shall be married in the spring." C. M. S.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

THE eclipse of 1878, if we may judge from the meagre details that have reached us, promises to give rise to a considerable amount of discussion. It appears certain the phenomena witnessed were in many respects different to those seen in 1871—so different, in fact, that a wonderful change must have taken place in our great luminary since that date.

It is, however, not impossible that some of the effects may have been seen to greater advantage, and perhaps with a nearer approximation to accuracy, by means either of new instruments or recent improvements in old ones. Until we have full details, speculation as to the nature of the phenomena would be out of place, because practically of little value, and we must, therefore, content ourselves with a brief record of what has been transmitted by the cable.

As usual, the messages are slightly "mixed," but a few points are perfectly clear and unmistakable. First, the eclipse has been satisfactorily observed at every station in America, and although these were few, they are fortunately in places where the atmosphere is usually clear, and on this occasion the weather was all that could be desired.

Drawing a line to represent the path of the shadow over the earth, the narrow "belt of totality," as we may call it, passes from the north-western corner of North America, down the Pacific side of the Continent, and curves off through the Gulf. The time was favourable, and a very large body of skilled observers, American and European, were ready to detect all the features of this grandest of natural phenomena.

The most important fact in connection with this eclipse is, that the corona was markedly different from the appearances presented in 1869, 1870, and 1871; the hydrogen was faint, and generally invisible, as was the case in 1874. The spectroscope shows that the light of the corona consists largely of a line in the green part of the spectrum, nearly coincident with Kirchhoff's 1474, or the "lion line." For some time it was supposed that this light was composed mainly of iron vapour, but that supposition, which, it must be confessed, was not very probable, was disproved by Professor Young, who, by means of a fine grating spectroscope, found that the coronal line is not identical with that supposed to be due to iron.

It is doubted whether the corona can be vapour at all, because comets have been known to pass through it without any visible effect upon those very light bodies, and it has been suggested that the corona is composed of an infinitude of minute discrete particles, resembling nothing so much as a dust-cloud,

rendered intensely hot from its proximity to the sun. The dust particles are supposed by some to be kept away from the sun by a repulsive force—a supposition acknowledged to be fanciful, but which is not altogether impossible. From the telegrams received we learn that Mr. Ranyard has been able to confirm the theory of Professor Young; and that the radial polarisation observed in 1871 has been confirmed by Professor Holden.

Professor Newcomb and his party made a careful search for dark lines in the corona, but found none, and Professor Young also telegraphs that at Denver no lines were observed in the ultra-violet. Professor Draper, who used a Rutherford "grating," two inches square, ruled with over 17,000 lines to the inch, and Mr. Lockyer, who employed a small grating and an ordinary pocket camera, both obtained photographs of the corona, and obtained a continuous spectrum, while, in ordinary spectroscopes, the bright lines usually seen were altogether absent.

Mr. Lockyer did not see any rings, and it is probable, therefore, that the substance which gives rise to the continuous spectrum is not that which produces any of the lines. The corona was small, of a pearly lustre, and the indications of definite structure were limited to two portions. As seen at Wyoming, the corona was markedly different from the phenomena observed in 1869, 1870, and 1871, and will probably be considered to demonstrate the changeableness of flickering lights reflected through clouds of metallic vapours, or the variability and instability of the sun's light when reflected through thousands of miles of its outer atmosphere.

We have said enough to show that the eclipse of 1878 will afford the substance for many doubtless valuable papers, and some interesting discussion, at the meetings of the Royal Astronomical Society; and it is certain the next opportunity will be readily seized upon for the purpose of making further observations. It is noteworthy, however, that some of the cablegrams, as they are called, tell us of the discovery of an intra-mercurial planet—Watson's 'Vulcan'—the R.A. of which is given as 5h. 28m., and N. declination 18°.

There was, however, no chromosphere to speak of, and the only prominence was like the "horn" of 1868, but very dim. Mr. Edison's tasimeter was brought into work, being connected to a Thompson galvanometer, the index of which was put at zero. The telescope carrying the tasimeter was pointed several degrees from the sun, with the result that the instrument indicated heat in the corona—the point of light leaving the scale rapidly when the corona was brought upon the fine slit protecting the microtasimeter. Every facility has been afforded the observers by the United States Government and the railway companies, and the full reports we may expect to receive will doubtless add much to our knowledge of the sun, or at least point out better methods of observing eclipses.

OUR LAST MONUMENTAL FAILURE.

A most unfortunate example of the miserable result of restricting the range of the observer, as to position, is now palpable in St. Paul's Cathedral. We have visited the Wellington Chapel, with every disposition to admire what is admirable in the work of such an artist as the lamented sculptor of the Memorial. That there is much there to admire we have already said. The groups in bronze at the end of the Catafalque, when exhibited in the true sculptural light attained under the lantern of the Gallery of the Royal Academy, were massive, imposing, and effective.

Of the heads of the cherubs we had heard so much, when they were seen in the studio, that we hoped that they might have proved no unworthy companions to the exquisite boy-angels of Grinling Gibbons. The recumbent figure of the great soldier of duty has unquestionable

grandeur, as well as truth. But, crammed into the nook which the monument fills, we defy anyone to see it.

It is impossible to form any just idea of what it really is. A glare of white light from the window—the great fault and blemish of the whole cathedral—cuts across the composition of the sculptor. There is no point from which the monument can be seen as a whole; there is none from which any detail can be seen in such a light as to do justice to its features. A more thorough failure can hardly be conceived. Excellences there are which are rendered invisible.

BOTHERED BY A BEE.

A FUNNY street incident is related by a paper about a dog which, being bothered by a bee one hot day, as he was dozing by a grocer's door, incautiously snapped it up in his mouth. He made a sudden spring to his feet as if he had just thought of something that he had to do in a hurry, and the hair all over him raised on end as if he had been electrified.

Then he pranced around a moment, shaking his head frantically as if he were worrying a rat. A little black object dropped from his mouth, which he looked at inquiringly for a brief instant, and then started off in haste to see a man around the corner, howling dismally as he went.

The man was not there, and the dog came back, and once more made an inspection of the little black object that lay on the sidewalk, and poked it timidly with its paw. He, perhaps, wanted to be able to recognise one of those little things if he should ever encounter one again.

FACETIE.

THE SOMNAMBULISTIC EDITOR.

I KNEW a fellow years ago

Upon a magazine,

He was its editor, and on

Its cover could be seen

The name of him of whom I sing,

Whose mania was such

He edited each blessed thing,

And edited it much.

"Because, when I was young," said he,

"My editors would 'alter' me,

And so I do the same, you see,

With conscientious touch.

So greatly would he exercise

His privilege's right,

That from his couch he'd often rise

And do it in the night.

And when the hours were getting

small,

Devoid of any clothes at all,

He, in his slumbers, used to crawl

And edit all his might.

While in this energetic trance,

With strict impartial will,

Full often he himself would chance

To suffer from his quill.

Fulfilled his sleeping task, and when

He back to bed had got,

You couldn't tell his efforts then

From efforts which were not.

And so I'm very much afraid

That other men were often paid

For verses he himself had made

And altered such a lot.

—Fm.

IN PARTNERSHIP.

Two Irishman bought a large barrel of whiskey in partnership, to trade with on the Derby day.

They agreed that neither should drink without paying.

On the way one drank and paid his partner threepence.

The other then had a glass and returned the threepence.

They kept up this alternation until, when they reached the Downs, the whiskey was all gone, and they had honestly paid for every drink, and were bewildered to find that they had only threepence between them.

A STIGMA ON HIS BACK.

A LIEUTENANT on board one of the guard ships, applied to his captain for leave to go on shore. It was refused.

He asked again; the same answer, more peremptory than before.

He repeated his request, and asked for reasons of refusal.

Both were still obstinately withheld. "But, sir," he expostulated, "if I ask for leave, and you refuse it, without giving me any reasons, I shall walk about the deck with a stigma on my back."

"By George, sir," cried the irate and rather unreasonable captain, "if I catch you walking up and down her Majesty's deck with anything but her Majesty's uniform on your back, I'll have you tried by court-martial!"

COULDN'T SEE WHY.

A GERMANTOWN bachelor, being twitted by some ladies with his single state, and asked why it was he had never married, said:

"I don't know exactly how it is, but I have always felt an indisposition to marriage, and I can't see why it should be, either. I surely don't inherit it, for my father and mother were both married."

And he actually never saw the bull he had perpetrated till his hearers burst out laughing at him.

LIFE PRESERVING RULES.

1. NEVER disturb a dog when he is eating.

2. Never interrupt an editor when he is reading a proof.

3. Never call upon a housewife when she is up to her elbows in a wash-tub.

THE SERMON.

"JOCK," said a farmer to one of his workers, one Sunday, after the return of the latter from church, "whaur was the text to-day?" "I dinna ken," answered Jock; "I was ower long in gaun in."

"What was the end o't, then?"

"I dinna ken; I came yot afore it was dunne."

"What did the minister say about the middle o't, then?" said the master, angrily, determined to have an answer of some sort. "I dinna ken, maister," replied Jock; "I slepit a' the time."

OLEANDERS.

A VENDOR of house and garden plants recently called at a residence in town, and asked the servant-girl to ask her mistress if she didn't wish to buy some "oleanders."

The servant returned to her mistress, and told her there was a man outside who wanted to sell her some "old ganders;" whereupon the lady replied, "You are a foolish goose."

A MISTAKE.

A NEW preacher used the word "optics" in his sermon, and at the conclusion of the service a farmer who was present thanked him for his discourse, but intimated that he had made a mistake in one word.

"What you call hop-sticks," he said, "in this part of the country we call hop-poles."

OUT OF SEASON QUESTIONS FOR BEAUTIES.

How many balls, crushes, garden-parties, matinees musicales, and afternoon dances have you been to?

How many times have you been mobbed at the Zoo, the Royal Botanical Gardens, and the Royal Academy?

Enumerate the matches at which you have been stared at at Lord's, Prince's, Hurlingham, and the Orleans; describe your costumes on each occasion.

How often have you danced at the Court Balls?

CONTENTS.

Page.	Page.
"MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE" ... 457	CORRESPONDENCE ... 480
SCIENCE ... 460	
THE WHISPERS OF NORMAN CHASE ... 461	THE WHISPERS OF NORMAN CHASE com- menced in ... 738
HER GUIDING STAR; OR, LOVE AND TREAS- URE ... 464	THE INVISIBLE COM- MODORE; OR, THE SECRETS OF THE MILL, commenced in ... 787
THE MYSTERY OF RAVENSWOLD: A TALE OF THE FIRST CRU- SADE ... 465	HER GUIDING STAR; OR, LOVE AND TREAS- URE, commenced in ... 791
BOUNDED TO THE TRAWL THE INVISIBLE COM- MODORE; OR, THE SECRETS OF THE MILL ... 473	THE MYSTERY OF RAVENSWOLD: A TALE OF THE FIRST CRU- SADE, commenced in ... 792
LILLY'S MISTAKE ... 476	BOUNDED TO THE TRAWL commenced in ... 794
FACTS ... 478	"MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE" ... 800
STATISTICS ... 479	
GENS ... 479	
MISCELLANEOUS ... 479	
HOUSEHOLD TREA- SURES ... 479	

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TIMOTHY.—We inferred from your previous letter that you required an answer by post. This our voluminous correspondence would not admit of. The degree of B.A. is an educational one, conferred upon men who have excelled and passed an examination in theology, philosophy, mathematics, literature, &c. The principles and head-masters of our training institutions, especially the Wesleyan, are Bachelors of Arts.

NELLIE.—The line "Coming events cast their shadows before" occurs in Campbell, Lochiel's Warning, and the same author (Pleasures of Hope) wrote the familiar lines, "Like angels visits few and far between." The passage "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned" is in Shakespeare, and we may add that the Avonian bard is strictly correct in his somewhat intense truism. Or, as has been elsewhere expressed:

"Who slights a woman's love cuts deep,
And wakes a brood of snakes that sleep
Beneath a bed of roses."

Regarding your other query we cannot confidently say, though we should be strongly inclined to reply in the affirmative.

N.—"Steppe" means a wide extent of flat but undulating land. Steppes are peculiar to Russia and to what was formerly called Poland.

FRECKLES.—Try a weak solution of vinegar.

CECIL A.—1. Your question, whether it is proper for a man to take his walking-stick to church with him, is frivolous and absurd. We have great pleasure in affording genuine information, but our time is too valuable to be thus employed. 2. The parents' control over a young lady legally ceases at twenty-one. 3. We think your forte does not lie in poetry.

E. I. L.—The eruption on your face may be either erysipelas, scurvy, or blood-poisoning. To determine the question, the safest course would be to consult a medical man. In the meantime a few doses of Clarke's Blood Mixture, or Holloway's Pills and Ointment, would be beneficial.

J. S.—The best advice we can give you is to consult your parents before taking any further steps.

FRITON DECOR.—Doubtless the offerings convey a local interpretation. Evidently you are not indifferent to the sender.

FIDES.—We know of no such work.

C. M.—The great wall of China was erected to prevent the invasions of the Tartars, who for ages were a troublesome race to the Chinese.

A. CONSTANT READER.—1. The handwriting is very good. 2. You might with impunity ask an old friend to escort you to a place of amusement in the absence of your sweetheart, but you should avoid under such circumstances the companionship of a newly-formed acquaintance or one at all likely to contest your sweetheart's claims. 3. Inquire at a railway bookstall. 4. The song to which you refer was written by the celebrated T. H. Bayly, and is entitled, "Oh, no, we never speak of her!" The last verse runs thus:

"They tell me she is happy now,
The gayest of the gay;
They say that she forgets me,
But I heed not what they say;
Like me, perhaps, she struggles with
Each feeling of regret,
But if she loves as I have loved
She never can forget."

LUCY S.—You write very nicely. The 27th May, 1855, fell on a Sunday.

TIM.—We are unable to give you any opinion about the impression of the coins. They have not reached us in good condition.

NETTIE.—Your handwriting is scarcely yet formed. It is not bad, however; still you should assiduously keep up your practice.

WALT.—There is an amalgam, sold at chemists' shops, for stopping decayed teeth. You should, however, be advised to go to a dentist, for we question whether you will be able efficiently to perform the operation for yourself.

JENNIE. twenty-three, medium height, fond of home and children, would like to correspond with a seaman in the Royal Navy, with a view to matrimony. Must be about thirty.

E. O. P. and **V. L.**, two friends, would like to correspond with two seamen in the Royal Navy. **E. O. P.** is twenty-eight, tall. **V. L.** is nineteen, medium height. Respondents must be between nineteen and twenty-two, fair.

G. L., twenty, dark, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony, twenty-two, good-looking.

L. J. M. and **H. A.**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. **L. J. M.** is nineteen, medium height, dark hair and eyes, fond of home. **H. A.** is eighteen, fair, medium height, of a loving disposition, fond of home.

L. R. and **C. B.**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. **L. R.** is twenty, tall, brown hair, dark eyes, fond of home. **C. B.** is twenty-four, medium height, dark brown hair, dark eyes, and very fond of music.

WILLIE. seventeen, tall, dark hair, hazel eyes, dark, good-tempered, wishes to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be about eighteen.

B. C. T., twenty, fair, medium height, would like to correspond with a gentleman about twenty-four, fond of home.

A. M. and **E. B.**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. **A. M.** is twenty-two, of medium height, fair, loving. **E. B.** is twenty, tall, dark, good-looking.

S. D. and **K. H.**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. **S. D.** is nineteen, fair, dark hair and eyes, tall. **K. H.** is twenty-one, good-looking, dark hair and eyes.

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY.

"Rock-a-bye, baby, in the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down tumbles baby and cradle and all."

Rock-a-bye, baby; the meadows in bloom;
Laugh at the sunbeams that dance in the room,
Echo the birds with your baby tune,
Coo at the sunshine and flowers of June.

Rock-a-bye, baby; as softly it swings;
Over thy cradle the mother love sings;
Brooding or cooing at even or dawn,
What will it do when the mother is gone?

Rock-a-bye, baby; so cloudless the skies,
Blue as the depths of your own laughing eyes;
Sweet is the lullaby over your nest,
That tenderly sings little baby to rest.

Rock-a-bye, baby; the blue eyes will dream
Sweetest when mamma's eyes over them beam;
Never again will the world seem so fair—
Sleep, little baby—there are clouds in the air.

Rock-a-bye, baby; the blue eyes will burn
And ache with that yearning manhood will learn;
Swiftly the years come with sorrow and care,
With burdens the wee dimpled shoulders must bear.

Rock-a-bye, baby; there's coming a day
Whose sorrows a mother's lips can't kiss away,
Days when its song shall be changed to a moan,
Crosses that baby must bear all alone.

Rock-a-bye, baby; the meadow's in bloom,
May never the frost pall the beauty in bloom,
Be thy world ever bright, as to-day it is seen,
Rock-a-bye, baby, "thy cradle is green." H. F. H.

BELLE and FANNY would like to correspond with two tall young men. **Belle** is twenty-two, dark hair, blue eyes, fond of music. **Fanny** is twenty-one, light hair, blue eyes, thoroughly domesticated.

CHUMP BLOCK, a seaman in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. He is twenty-two, dark, good-looking, and good-tempered.

S. A. E., thirty, would like to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matrimony.

H. H. C., fair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a young lady about seventeen or eighteen.

LONELY KITTY, twenty, tall, dark, thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-five.

AMERICAN PLANTER, twenty-three, would like to correspond with a young English lady between seventeen and twenty-two.

BESSIE V. and **KATE E.**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. **Bessie V.** is of medium height, fair, loving. **Kate E.** is domesticated, dark hair and eyes.

PATTY, eighteen, fair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty.

ELLEN and **ANNIE**, two friends, would like to correspond with two sailors in the Royal Navy. **Ellen** is twenty-five, dark hair and eyes, fond of home. **Annie** is seventeen, tall, fair. Respondents must be between twenty and twenty-three.

NAOMI and NORA, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men with a view to matrimony. **Naomi** has black hair and hazel eyes. **Nora** is tall, light brown hair, dark blue eyes.

G. H. S. G. and **W. F. C.**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. **G. H. S. G.** is twenty-three, fair, medium height, light blue eyes, fond of home and children. **W. F. C.** is twenty, brown eyes, fond of home and children, dark.

C. L. and **H. R.**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. **C. L.** is seventeen, light hair, blue eyes, medium height. **H. R.** is eighteen, medium height, dark hair, dark brown eyes, loving, fond of home and children.

M. L. D., twenty-two, good-looking, light hair, medium height, would like to correspond with a young lady about seventeen.

LUCY M., nineteen, of a loving disposition, tall, dark eyes, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be about twenty, fond of home and children, brown hair, dark eyes.

ALFRED, nineteen, brown hair, good-looking, would like to correspond with a young lady about seventeen, fond of home.

EMILY J., twenty-four, fond of home and children, golden hair, blue eyes, loving, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-eight, dark hair, brown eyes, medium height, good-looking, fond of home and children.

F. R. and **M. C.**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. **F. R.** is nineteen, dark hair, blue eyes, fond of home and music, of a loving disposition. **M. C.** is twenty-two, light hair, blue eyes, fond of home and children.

POLLY and DORA, two friends, wish to correspond with two seamen. **Polly** is twenty-six, dark. **Dora** is twenty-two, fair. Respondents must be seamen in the Royal Navy.

R. D. G., twenty, brown hair, grey eyes, domesticated, would like to correspond with a young man about one-and-twenty.

K. M., twenty-two, brown hair, hazel eyes, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a gentleman. Must be about twenty-five, dark, fond of home, and blue eyes.

F. L. G., twenty-four, dark hair, hazel eyes, fair, and medium height, wishes to correspond with a gentleman. Must be good-looking.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

MILLY is responded to by—Nelson's Revenge, twenty-four, fair, good-looking.

ROSE by—Neptune's Son, twenty-four, fond of home, curly hair.

E. G. S. by—J. S., seventeen.

A. J. C. by—L. R.

COMMODORE JACK by—Isabel, eighteen, medium height, dark hair, grey eyes.

POLLY by—J. D. A.

AGNES F. by—A. W. P.

F. W. by—Edith, nineteen, dark, of a loving disposition.

D. M. by—Ethel, seventeen, thoroughly domesticated, good-looking, dark.

CASE SHOT by—E. McM.

ALFRED by—L. E. M.

TINY by—A. M., eighteen, tall, fair, good-looking, fond of music.

A. T. by—Albert, eighteen, tall, dark, and good-looking.

K. A. by—Claude, nineteen, fair, handsome, and fond of home.

NELLY by—Jack, twenty, tall, fond of home, and good-looking.

LILY by—J. N., twenty-one, dark hair and eyes, tall, fond of home.

JON by—L. A. C., medium height, light blue eyes, of a loving disposition, fond of home and children, and fair.

L. F. by—J. S., eighteen, brown hair, blue eyes, and of medium height.

SAM A. J. by—J. R., medium height, dark blue eyes, domesticated, fond of home and children, of a loving disposition.

SHARPSHILL SHELL by—Mignon, twenty-two, pretty, and dark.

CASE SHOT by—Ida.

ETHEL by—F. W. P.

POLLIE by—Samuel, nineteen, black hair, dark eyes, fond of children.

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